BRISTOL IS BUCKS COUNTY'S METROPOLIS

The Bucks County Gazette.

THE GAZETTE Is the Leading Paper of BRISTOL

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An Old Battlefield.

The softest whisperings of the scented South,
And rust and roses in the cannon's mouth.
And where the thunders of the fight were born
The wind's wild tenor in the tinkling corn;
With song of larks low-lingering in the loam,
And blue skies bending over love and home.

And far away—somewhere, upon the hills,
Or where the vales ring with the whippoorwills,
For the loved sound of unreturning feet;
And when the oaks their leafy banners wave,
Dream of the battle and an unmarked grave!

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

—The large iron trusses for the new Methodist Church are here.

—The pupils of John A. Kelly will give an athletic and variety entertainment at Evans' Hall on next Monday evening.

—Thirty-six was the lucky number at W. E. Lamb's that drew the diamond ring. It was held by Postmaster J. M. Winder.

—The jewelry stores of B. C. Foster, A. E. Baylies and W. E. Lamb will close every evening, except Friday and Saturday, at 7.45 o'clock, until April 1st.

—Rev E. A. Rook, pastor of the Baptist Church, will preach a sermon to young men on Sunday evening. All young men are cordially invited to the service.

—List of letters remaining in Bristol post-office, January 16th: Chas. Walbersloh, Miss Eleanor Emley, Sarah R. Foster, Geo. Howarth, Mrs. Vandusen, Wood street.

—A number of Bristolians have been enjoying the skating on the lakes back of Burlington, where the industrious Jerseymen swept the light fall of snow from the ice.

—Since last Monday communication between Bristol and Burlington has been facilitated by means of horse and sleigh, which makes regular trips between the two towns.

—A special meeting of the America Hose, Hook and Ladder Company, No. 2, will be held in the Hose House on Friday evening, January 17th, at 8 o'clock. All the members are requested to be present.

—The use of Otter street was granted to the Philadelphia and Bristol Electric road at Council meeting last Monday evening. The "future legislation" which is relied upon to protect Bristol in her rights was incorporated in the provisions of the ordinance.

—On last Monday evening the Fast Flyer of Virginia train, which passes through Bristol at about seven o'clock, struck and completely demolished the wagon of a Mr. White, as he was driving across the tracks at Wheat Sheaf crossing. Mr. White and the horse luckily escaped uninjured.

—The America Hose, Hook and Ladder Company, No. 2, will take charge of the Bristol Rink for one week, beginning on Monday, January 27th. A certain percentage of the money received is for the benefit of the Fire Company. There will be some special attractions on two or three of the evenings.

—Strickland Yardley, one of Bristol's old and well known citizens died at his home on Market street last Friday, aged 70 years. He was a soldier in the late war, enlisting as a private in the beginning and honorably discharged with the rank of captain in 1864. He was buried with military honors by H. Clay Beatty Post, No. 73, G. A. R., in St. James burying ground on last Tuesday.

—At the election of directors of the Farmers National Bank, held last Tuesday, the following stockholders were chosen: Edward Thomas, Louis A. Hoguet, Dr. J. P. Agnew, Elwood Burton, John Burton, Benjamin J. Taylor, George A. Shoemaker, Harvey H. Gillam and Edward Swain. At a meeting of the directors subsequently held, Benjamin J. Taylor was unanimously re-elected president.

—The American Salvation Army is coming to Bristol. Captain and Mrs. Ganz of the American Salvation Army announce that they will open meetings in the Buckley Street Mission, commencing Saturday evening, January 18th, at 8 o'clock. Every Christian is invited to take part in all meetings. Sunday meetings at 3.30 and 7.30 P. M. All are invited. Seats free. Come early.

—The annual meeting of the Fidelity Building Association was held on Tuesday evening at the office of the Secretary, A. Weir Gilkeson. The annual report showed the total number of shares to be 890½; the present rate of earning to be 8.6 per cent; and the total assets $106,861.21. There are ten series of stock issued, the value of the first being $190.47. The total amount of loans foots up $95,950, of which $12,300 was taken during the year.

—The concert in the Presbyterian Church on next Thursday evening, will undoubtedly prove one of the finest entertainments of the season. In addition to Miss Janet B. Williams, soprano, Mrs. Lewis S. Stackhouse, elocutionist, and the Misses Wood, of whom we made mention last week, Miss Mary Rogers, one of Bristol's best musicians has consented to give two piano solos. The baritone who was so favorably received at the concert given by the Bristol Choral Union has also been invited to participate.

—A Chinese dinner was given by Lem Wong, Bristol's popular laundryman, on last Saturday evening, to some of his American friends from Philadelphia, Burlington and Bristol. Lem had a professional Chinese cook up from the city for the occasion. The table was decorated with flowers and made a very neat appearance after the vacant places on it were well filled with dishes containing turkey, chicken, duck, fried oysters and the accompanying vegetables. Lem certainly knows how to reach the heart of a good American.

—The wages of the employes at the Buckley street mill of M. C. Hughes have been reduced an average of fifteen per cent. Mr. Hughes says he did not wish to reduce the wages of the employes, but was compelled to do so on account of severe competition and the low scale of wages in Easton, Pa., the Southern States and numerous other places where they are from thirty to fifty per cent lower than is paid in this vicinity. When asked if the present reduction would be temporary, Mr. Hughes replied that he did not expect the former rate of wages could ever be paid again, and positively not until a change was made in the tariff, which affects the business indirectly.

Council Proceedings.

The regular monthly meeting of Council was held on last Monday evening, at which were present B. C. Foster, president; and Councilmen Clark, Milnor, Moss, McCarry, Pearson, Robinson, Smith, Fetrow, Evans, Scott, Scull, Weaver, Whitely and Wright.

The Committee on Streets and Highways reported that it was awaiting a conference with the Supervisor of the Canal Company, which was necessary before advertising for proposals for putting in a trunk under the canal.

The Police Committee reported that the general order of the town was good; that five arrests had been made and 713 tramps lodged in the station house.

The annual report of the Board of Health was read, received and ordered filed.

The Chairman of the Police Committee stated that in view of the near approach of the Spring election the men who were acting in the dual capacity of constables and police officers had not been called upon to elect which office they would take.

The Street Committee presented an ordinance giving the Bristol and Philadelphia Trolley Company the right to Otter street, subject to such reasonable legislation relative to its construction, maintenance and operation as Council by ordinance may hereafter require. The rules were suspended and the ordinance put upon its passage. It was first adopted section by section and afterwards as a whole. The vote in its favor was unanimous.

The president appointed Mr. Fetrow on the Fire Committee to fill the vacancy occasioned by the retirement of Lewis Spring.

Bills amounting to $749.69 were ordered paid.

"Bob" Williams Whipped.

In a glove contest at Burlington on Tuesday night, between Frank Lewis, white, of Burlington, and Robert Williams, colored, of Bristol, Williams was whipped

It was a fierce contest, the principals fighting for blood throughout. Seventeen rounds were fought, in which Williams had the best of it. In this round Lewis forced the fighting, which was very bitter. When time was called for the next bout the negro failed to come to the scratch and Lewis was declared the victor.

Death of Edward Thomas.

Edward Thomas died at his residence in Philadelphia this morning, after an illness of several months duration. Mr. Thomas was well known in business and financial circles in this county. Until a few years ago he was a resident of Torresdale, from whence he moved to the city proper. He was the oldest Director in the Farmers National Bank of Bucks county, having continuously served in that capacity since 1859 a period of 36 years.

Mr. Thomas was a man of sterling qualities, he possessed many friends and his death will be sincerely regretted.

Republican Conventions.

The Republican ward and borough conventions in Bristol will be held on Friday evening, January 24th, at the following places: For the First ward at Lincoln Hall, with William H. Booz for temporary chairman; for the Second ward at Riverview Hall, with John P. Lawrence for temporary chairman; for the Third ward at Mohican Hall, with Harry H. Smith for temporary chairman; for the Fourth ward at A. O. H. Hall, with John C. Adams for temporary chairman. The borough convention, composed of delegates from the ward conventions, will be held at the Town Hall, after the adjournment of the ward conventions.

Lodge Notes.

George Brennflek was initiated into the mysteries of the Foresters of America on last Tuesday evening.

The sixth anniversary of Court No. 3, A. P. A., will be celebrated in Mohican Hall, on Thursday evening, January 30th.

A delegation from Court Onward, Foresters of America, will attend a smoker given by Court America, of Philadelphia, on Friday the 24th. All of the Foresters are invited to attend.

Anderson Hellyer, Sub Chief Ranger, of Court Onward, F. of A., expects to be a man in possession of a better half after the 29th of this month.

The Uniform Rank, K. of P., received into their midst Lewis Bevans and Len Acres on last Tuesday evening. The order keeps up its steady increase in members.

A Pennsylvanian, the Boar Hero.

How small a place the world is getting to be! A Lancaster county man is receiving letters from his brother in the South African republic. The new State of Washington sends millions of feet of lumber annually to the mines of President Kruger's republic, but the business has been broken up by "Dr. Jim's" raid and the disturbance of business conditions which it caused. President Kruger has a cousin in the Northwest who gives out the interesting information that the doughty President of the Boers is a descendant of the great Gustavus Adolphus, a statement which may account for his skill in statecraft and in war.

To Pennsylvanians the South African republic is brought still closer home by the claim that President Kruger was in his youth a resident of Carbon county and by the fact of which there is no doubt at all that General Joubert, who so successfully put the English to rout at Majuba Hill and Krugersdrop, is a native of Uniontown, Fayette county. General Joubert's parents came to Pennsylvania from Holland, but his name would indicate that he was a descendant of the French Huguenots who took refuge in Holland when it was an asylum for the oppressed of all lands after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

Like the late President of the Swiss republic, General Joubert did gallant service for the Union in the American civil war, serving in the navy under Admiral Dupont and as captain of a company under General Godfrey Weitzel. These facts help to explain the British defeats in South Africa. "Dr. Jim" had run foul of a soldier who had had actual experience in war, both in America and Africa.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

—The Oxford Association foot ball team defeated the Bristol team on last Saturday afternoon, on the Bristol grounds by the score of 8 to 0.

STANDING COMMITTEE MEETING.

The Republican Standing Committee of Bucks County Met in Doylestown on Monday and Elected Officers and Transacted Other Business.

The Republican Standing Committee of Bucks county met in the library room of Lenape building, Doylestown, Monday morning, for the purpose of re-organization for the year 1896.

The committee was called to order by John C. Swartley, Esq., chairman of the committee of 1895. A call of the districts showed nearly all present.

The first business was the election of a chairman, and John C. Swartley, Esq., of Doylestown, was unanimously selected for the position, and Wesley Haldeman, of Plumstead, and George W. McIntosh, of Doylestown, were elected secretaries.

Upon motion, the chairman was directed to appoint a committee of four, of which he also shall be a member, to meet a similar committee from Montgomery county, to name a place and fix upon a time for holding a joint convention to select delegates to represent the Seventh District at the Republican National Convention to be held at St. Louis in June.

The chairman was also directed to name a similar committee to act in conjunction with one from Montgomery county to fix upon a time and name a place for holding a joint convention to place in nomination a candidate from the Seventh Congressional District.

Upon motion it was decided to hold a county convention at Doylestown on Monday, March 23d, to select delegates to represent the county in the State convention to be held at Harrisburg, April 23.

Mr. Gilkeson stated that there was a misunderstanding in regard to the districts from which the nominations for county commissioners were to be made this year, and the chairman read the rules of the party adopted in 1893 in reference to these nominations. These rules showed the county to be divided into four districts, and the nominees this year will come from the first and third districts.

In reply to an inquiry in regard to the election of high constables, ward and township constables, the chairman stated that all the districts this Spring should make nominations for these offices, although many of the districts had elected men to these positions last Spring. A law was passed by the Legislature in 1895 which states that these officers must be elected this Spring for three years.

The meeting was largely attended, and reports from every section of the county show that the party in every district is in good working condition and feels confident of success at the approaching elections.

After the distribution of nomination papers of the districts the committee adjourned — Daily Intelligencer.

The Cost of Typhoid.

Dr. Leffmann shows the commercial value of pure water by statistics as to the cost of typhoid fever. Philadelphia had over 4500 typhoid cases last year. The average cost of each case for physicians, medicine and nursing Dr. Leffmann puts at $100, or a total of $450,000. This represents the direct money cost of typhoid fever—a disease which is the legitimate fruit of impure water. This outlay caused by typhoid cases is three per cent. on $15,000,000, which would more than suffice to filter all the water furnished to the city and deliver it to the people free from typhoid germs.

But a far more serious item in the cost of typhoid is the 469 useful lives which were cut off entirely last year by this preventable disease. There is no offset to this loss nor is there in any degree recompense to the 4000 others for the loss of time and diminished vitality caused by a prolonged struggle with this exhausting disease. The tax of $450,000 for money actually expended by reason of this disease fell not lightly upon the many but heavily upon the few. Sickness, expense, suspension of wage-earning capacity in the case of 4500 and death for 469 is the painful record of the year. With some slight variation in the figures it tells the story of last year and the year before, and it predicts with certainty what will be shown in the present year and in the years to come, until the people of Philadelphia become sufficiently enlightened to refuse to take sewage-poisoned water.

For twenty-five years this question of an improved water supply for Philadelphia has been agitated. The exceedingly heavy cost of getting to the city in sufficient quantity water pure at its source and uncontaminated in its course has caused every proposition having that object in view to be put by as inadmissible at the present time. In the meantime at least a dozen of the larger cities of Europe and some of the smaller cities of America have procured chemically and visibly pure water by a simple adaptation of of nature's process of sand filtration. When will Philadelphia profit by their example and save its people the loss of time, of strength, of substance and of human life which are directly and demonstrably due to the use of impure water?—Philadelphia Press.

A WIFE'S INFLUENCE.

Rev. Madison C. Peters Makes Trite Remarks on Matrimony.

The Rev. Dr. Madison C. Peters recently preached, at the Bloomingdale Reformed Church, New York, the second of a series of sermons on "The Wedding Ring." His remarks were addressed to young men. He said in part:

Men's loftiest thoughts, sublimest purposes and grandest heroisms are frequently the inspiration of their wives. Whether a man shall be made or marred in marriage depends altogether upon the choice he makes. First, I counsel you to select a good housekeeper and home-maker. There are social, moral and spiritual uses proceeding from the wise regulation of the household, without which the romance would soon go out of marriage.

Look well to the temper of the girl you think of marrying. Socrates said he married Xantippe and endured her for self-discipline. The men who look at the subject in that light are like the great philosopher—all dead.

Solomon, whose experience in domestic life was rather multitudinous, took a different view of the matter: "It is better to dwell in the corner of a housetop than in a wide house with a brawling woman." Good temper is the choicest gift woman can bring to a home, and with this bright divinity can lift the poorest man to bliss unknown to kings.

Annual Report of the Board of Health.

To the Burgess and Council of the Borough of Bristol.

Gentlemen:—In conformity to the statute the Board of Health submits its annual report for the year 1895.

There were eleven meetings of the Board held within the year and careful attention was given to all matters which affected the health of the inhabitants of the borough. During the month of June the Health officer, in compliance with instructions from the Board, visited a large number of the houses in the borough and where they were found to be in an unsanitary condition ordered them to be cleansed and the cellars whitewashed. All nuisances coming to the attention of the Board have been abated and there exists to-day no nuisance in the town of which the Board has cognizance and over which the Board has control. The appearance of a number of cases of typhoid fever last January and February caused the Board to have distributed throughout the town circulars calling attention to the necessity of boiling all river water used for drinking and culinary purposes.

The number of deaths from contagious and communicable diseases during the year has been much smaller than during 1894. In either year there were no deaths from scarlet fever, or smallpox, 2 in each year from typhoid fever, and while in 1894 there fifteen deaths from diphtheria, in 1895 there was but one. The total number of deaths is slightly in excess of the preceding year, numbering 143 as against 136 during 1894. The causes of death are as follows:

Consumption,	18
Heart Disease,	18
Cholera Infantum,	7
Marasmus,	6
Convulsions,	6
Stillborn,	5
Inanition,	4
Apoplexy,	4
Bronchitis,	4
Catarrhal Pneumonia,	4
Meningitis,	4
Pneumonia,	4
Membraneous Croup,	3
Bright's Disease,	3
Cerebral Softening,	3
Casualties,	3
Congestive Chills,	3
Old Age,	3
Typhoid Fever,	2
Cancer,	2
Laryngitis,	2
Paralysis,	2
Addison's Disease,	2
Premature Birth,	2
Nervous Prostration,	2
General Debility,	2
Tuberculor Diarrhœa,	1
Enlargement of Spleen,	1
Hemorrhage of Lungs,	1
Disease of Liver,	1
Pyæmia,	1
Gastric Enteritis,	1
Asthenia,	1
Senile Paralysis,	1
Cyanosis Neonatorum,	1
Edema of Lungs,	1
Pernicious Fever,	1
Gastritis,	1
Cyanosis,	1
Chronic Cystitis,	1
Nephritis,	1
Spinal Sclrosis,	1
Suppressed Dentition,	1
Measles with Convulsions,	1
Exhaustion,	1
Locomotor Ataxy,	1
Inflamation of Bowels,	1
Diphtheria,	1
Diabetes,	1
Neuralgia of Stomach,	1
Peritonitis,	1

Of these sixty-seven were males and seventy-six females. The death-rate, estimating the population at 7000, is a fraction over 20 to the 1000.

Of the total 143 deaths, 48 were of persons under 5 years of age; 7 between 5 and 10; 4 between 10 and 20; 11 between 20 and 30; 6 between 30 and 40; 8 between 40 and 50; 14 between 50 and 60; 16 between 60 and 70; 15 between 70 and 80; 10 between 80 and 90; 2 over 90 years of age, and 2 whose ages were not given.

There were reported to the Secretary's office 217 cases of contagious, infectious and communicable diseases, 141 of which were of measles, 54 of typhoid fever, 15 of diphtheria, 2 of scarlet fever and 5 of scarlet rash.

In all cases of contagious disease the patients were quarantined, the houses placarded, and when any of the family were school children, the schools notified.

During the year 1895 physicians reported 159 births within the borough limits and twenty-five marriages were reported. All of which is respectfully submitted.

Howard Pursell,
President of Board of Health.

—Mrs. Gear has never taken any part in the politics of her State, though many of the ladies of Iowa are foremost in the public arena. But, while never advocating her views abroad, Mrs. Gear is much opposed to woman's suffrage, though she reserves her opinions for her friends and never makes a parade of them, as very many excellent ladies differ with her on that score. "I do not object," she remarked recently, "on the ground that a woman is not as capable as a man, for I think she can do the work fully as well. But I do think that a man cannot do a woman's work, so that if she goes into public life her home must suffer as a necessary consequence. She may be perfectly able to attend to public work, but no man can attend to a home, so that if the woman is taken away the children, the home, which is the bulwark of the nation will be left to itself. I am sure that where the women of the country are absorbed in political duties there must be a bad state of affairs, and it has never worked successfully yet, that I ever heard. And it is my honest opinion that the putting of woman into public life will greatly detract from her usefulness in her own home, the best of all places for her own happiness. I perfectly accord with the right of woman to enter business when necessity obliges, but when necessity does not oblige, I do not think she is called upon to enter the business world, where experience has shown that women very rarely succeed."

—Professor Richard L. Garner, who is in Africa trying to demonstrate the correctness of his theory that monkeys talk to each other, has written to his son in Baltimore saying that his mission has been accomplished. His researches have been carried on under the auspices of the African Research Society, of Chicago.

W. C. T. U.

Devotional meeting of the W. C. T. U., next Wednesday afternoon, January 22nd, at 3 o'clock.

OUR PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

Philadelphia, January 15th, 1896.—The victory for the Anti-Combine element of the Republican party at the primaries this week was greater than in August last, chiefly because the managers had extended the organization. The wards and divisions which defeated the Combine in August gave increased majorities on Tuesday night, and wherever the Anti-Combine extended its forces and by putting a ticket in the field gave the voters a chance to elect between the opposing factions the voters manifested their preference by flocking in great numbers to the Anti-Combine camp. In a number of wards no fight was attempted but the movement is steadily growing and it bids fair to extend throughout the city. If the Republicans succeed in getting the men in Councils who will battle for the tax-payers and not stand up and argue for the interests of the Electric Trust and other monopolies which are constantly trying to fleece the city Senator Quay and his followers will have done a great thing for the city. But the opponents of the Anti-Combine "reformers" include such men as Henry Clay of the Sixteenth ward, who as late as last week boldly argued in Select Council the cause of the Electric Light Trust, which is one of the worst creations of the Combine. Then, too, the Anti-Combine includes Edward W. Patton, who, as the mainspring of the Powelton Electric Light Company has been interested in the Electric Trust. Down in the Third ward the Anti-Combine standard was carried to victory by Harry Hunter, a man whom reformers have repeatedly tried to down. These men are old and experienced politicians who know every trick about legislation and it may be an easy matter for them to guide or possibly misguide the unfledged new members of Councils.

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A firm of local dentists is giving away a barrel of flour with every fiftieth tooth which it extracts. This premium on tooth pulling would seem to be entirely unprofessional. If a dentist extract a tooth he thereby deprives the patient of the chance to have him treat it and fill it for it may again come back to him for treatment. A tooth is to a dentist as a law suit to a lawyer. An old lawyer having handed over his practice to his son was astounded one day when the son rushing in exclaimed with joy "Father, I have settled the Smith case!" "You are a fool," retorted the father. "That case has supported the family for ten years."

F. D. M.

To the Golden Gate. Personally Conducted Tours via Pennsylvania Railroad.

Undoubtedly California offers more genuine attractions to the pleasure-traveling public than any other part of the American continent. The fame of its climate is world-wide, and it is sought even by Europeans, who find it more charming than their own southern slopes. To Americans its worth is too well known to necessitate a description of the many advantages to be enjoyed.

The first personally-conducted tours via Pennsylvania Railroad will leave New York and Philadelphia February 12 and March 11, 1896. In addition to the many other points of interest visited on the first tour a stop will be made at New Orleans for the Mardi-Gras festivities, and four weeks will be allowed in California. On the second tour four and one-half weeks will be allowed in California.

An addition to the magnificent train heretofore used for these tours is a through Pullman compartment car.

The car, which will be the very best that the Pullman Company can supply, will contain nine inclosed compartments—two drawing rooms and seven state rooms—and will be attached to the special train at Jersey City and run through to San Diego, Cal., on the first tour, and San Francisco on the second.

This will be the first car of its kind to be run on a transcontinental train, and that it will be thoroughly appreciated by participants in the tours is evidenced by the fact that already several of the compartments have been reserved.

Applications for space or itineraries giving all information should be made to Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York, or Room 411, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

Florida. Personally-Conducted Tours via Pennsylvania Railroad.

It would be hard to find any condition of human ailment that a Winter visit to Florida would fail to improve, while those who enjoy good health cannot realize, without experience, what true enjoyment there is in life passed under the golden skies of the "Land of Flowers."

In order to give the public an apportunity to visit Florida at a very reasonable cost, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has arranged for a series of tours to Jacksonville. Since the system of personally-conducted tours inaugurated by that company has been in effect, none but words of commendation have been received. Its unexcelled train service, experienced Tourist Agents and Chaperons, and above all, its moderate charges, leave nothing to be desired.

The tours to Jacksonville, allowing two weeks' stay in Florida, will leave New York and Philadelphia on January 28, February 4, 11, 18, and 25, and March 3, 1896. The rate, including transportation, meals en route, and Pullman berth on special train, is $50.00 from New York, and $48.00 from Philadelphia; proportionate rates from other points.

For further information apply to Ticket Agents, or address Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York, or Room 411, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, to whom application for space should also be made.

—The special commissioner sent to this country by the London Chronicle to investigate the Venezuelan matter states the situation correctly when he says that, while the President's message was one of peace, "behind it has sprung up a national sentiment which it would be utter madness on the part of the English people to disregard or underestimate." In other words, the best thing Lord Salisbury can do is to put himself in an arbitrating mood as soon as possible.

—Ex-Governor Joseph Benson Foraker on Tuesday was elected United States Senator from Ohio, to succeed Senator Calvin S. Brice.

GREEKS OF THE OLD SOD.

A Theory of the Origin of a Designation Sometimes Applied to the Irish.

Some time ago we asked why long ago, as well as today, Irishmen were called Greeks. A correspondent writes as follows in answer:

"Prince Miletus, son of a Greek monarch, set out with a considerable band of followers in search of adventure. They reached Egypt, and finding the king of that country at war with a neighboring power they offered their services. Egypt prevailed, largely owing to the skill and courage of Miletus, and the king bestowed on him the hand of the Princess Scota, his daughter, in marriage. After a lapse of some years the Greek prince and his followers set out in quest of adventure a second time, and landing in Spain subdued the inhabitants very easily. Miletus became king, and after his death his son, Heber, made a voyage to Ireland, and conquering the country called it Hebernia. Later he subdued the western islands of ancient Caledonia and named them Hebrides, also in honor of himself. Finally the mainland in the west was annexed and named Scotland, in honor of his mother, Scota.

"This is how the Irish come to be called Greeks and Milesians, in my opinion."

And one is just as historically accurate as the other. A parallel instance is this famous discovery of Dr. Anderson:

"But earnest seekers after truth have discovered that the ancient records and archives of Ireland show clearly that Jeremiah escaped from Egypt with the youngest daughter of King Zedekiah, after the conquest of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar, and with her and others took ship and finally reached Ireland in safety, and that there at the ancient city of Tara he did build and plan successfully, and there can be no doubt that

The harp that once through Tara's hall
The soul of music shed.

was patterned from, if it was not the veritable harp of Israel's sweet psalmist, King David."—Boston Journal.

CRIMINAL BEES.

Honey Gatherers That Have Very Loose Moral Ideas.

Almost every form and variety of human crime is to be found among animals. Cases of theft are noticed among bees. Buchner, in his "Psychic Life of Animals," speaks of thievish bees which, in order to save themselves the trouble of working, attack other hives in strong masses, kill the sentinels and the inhabitants, rob the hives and carry off the provisions. After repeated enterprises of this description they acquire a taste for robbery and violence. They recruit whole companies, which get more and more numerous, and finally they form regular colonies of brigand bees.

But it is a still more curious fact that these brigand bees can be produced artificially by giving working bees a mixture of honey and brandy to drink. The bees soon acquire a taste for this beverage, which has the same disastrous effects upon them as upon men. They become ill disposed and irritable and lose all desire to work, and finally, when they begin to feel hungry, they attack and plunder the well supplied hives.

There is one variety of bees—the sphecodes—which lives exclusively upon plunder. According to Marchall, this variety is formed of individuals of the halyctes species, whose organs of hidification were defective, and which have gradually developed into a separate variety, living almost exclusively by plunder. They may thus be said to be an example of innate and organic criminality among insects and they represent what Professor Lombrosso calls the born criminals—that is, individuals which are led to crime by their own organic constitution.—Forum.

Imatra Waterfall In Finland.

The celebrated waterfall of Imatra, in Finland, which was visited, we believe, by Mr. Gladstone during one of his Scandinavian tours, promises to become a source of very large profit to the revenues of the imperial grand duchy. The ever increasing crowd of summer and autumn tourists visiting the fall already supports a special line of railway constructed for their convenience and accommodation. The so called Historical hotel, which stands above the Imatra, as well as the many flourishing settlements on the Saima canal, exist almost entirely on the yearly influx of visitors from all parts of Europe. A Russian company is now being organized for exploiting the inherent force of this magnificent cascade as an electrical motor. A network of wires will transmit the motor power of the tumbling and foaming waters of Imatra in various directions, even as far as the gloomy and misty Petropolis. The new company desires to obtain a driving force of 20,000 horsepower, and as the Finnish executive values each single horsepower at 500 riksmarks the necessary capital for working the enterprise will be 12,500,000 of that currency. The lessees will pay for their acquired force by a fixed percentage on the gross capital. It is stated that 20,000 horsepower represents only one-sixth of the colossal force of the Finnish Niagara.—London News.

War's Brutality.

In modern warfare the destruction of churches and cathedrals as well as of libraries and public buildings has been very common. During the devastation of the Palatinate by the French all cathedrals and churches were ruthlessly plundered and destroyed, even the tombs of the emperors at Spiers being pillaged and demolished. In 1814 our capitol, at Washington, the president's house and other public buildings were burned by the British. According to Edwards' "Germans In France," at the bombardment of Strasburg by the Germans not only did they purposely direct their fire on the cathedral and library, but also fired on the firemen and fire engines endeavoring to put out the conflagration.

Burning Bank Notes.

The novel spectacle of a steamer being stoked with bank notes was recently witnessed at a Mediterranean port. Forty-five sacks of the apparently valuable paper were tossed into the furnace of the vessel's boiler under the longing eyes of the stokers, who stood restively by with an evidently burning desire to possess themselves of at least a handful of that which they somewhat inelegantly styled "rum fuel." The notes were canceled documents of the Bank of Algiers, whose manager superintended the operation of their absolute combustion.

A Little Farm Well Tilled.

It's the big farmer, not the big farm, that tells. A man in Sweden, Oxford county, supports a family of five and lays up money on a patch of 18 acres, and while he keeps four Jersey cows and a pair of horses he raises hay to sell.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

A Brute.

Helen—I do think that man I stood in front of in the railway carriage must have been a perfect brute.

Maud—Why, dear?

Helen—I stood on his foot for 20 minutes, and he hadn't the manners to offer me his seat.—London Fun.

Ohio ranks high among the manufacturing states, having 381,548 mill and factory hands, who produce every year $641,688,064 worth of goods.

The manufacture of iron rails for railroads has almost been discontinued, steel rails having been substituted for iron during the last few years.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

A Queer Shower of Ashes.

At about 10:30 o'clock on the morning of Feb. 12, 1890, the citizens of the state of Guanajuata, Mexico, witnessed a very peculiar phenomenon, and one which caused the majority of the population to repair to the churches and pray to be saved from the wrath to come. On the day mentioned the sky was perfectly clear, and there was not a breath of air stirring. All of a sudden it was noticed that the atmosphere took on a curious, ghastly aspect, and immediately after a shower of almost pure white ashes was rained down upon all exposed objects. The phenomenon was more noticeable in the city of Guanajuata than elsewhere. As noted above, the entire population sought the churches and prayed earnestly to be saved from destruction. At times during the progress of this peculiar "storm" the fall of the white substance from the sky was very thick, and those who had seen snowstorms at the north declared that the resemblance between the two was very similar. The buildings, streets, trees and people (those who did not seek shelter) were literally covered with ashes at the conclusion of the peculiar storm. As noted above, the storm extended throughout the state of Guanajuata. It was the general opinion of those who observed the fall with an eye to collecting scientific data that the ashes were wafted by an upper, northeasterly current of air across hundreds of miles of country from the volcano of Columa, which was at that time in a state of active eruption.—St. Louis Republic.

Not a Barber.

When the professor came into the club, his erudite countenance was ornamented at several points with sticking plaster, and there was a general inquiry among his friends as to what was the matter.

"Razor," said the professor briefly.

"Not shaved?" asked young Rounder sympathetically.

"It's a strange thing," said the professor. "I was shaved this morning by a man who really is, I suppose, a little above being a barber. I know of my own knowledge that he is an alumnus of one of the leading American colleges; that he studied in Heidelberg afterward and spent several years in other foreign educational centers. I know, also of my own knowledge, that he has contributed scientific articles to our best magazines, and has numbered among his intimate friends men of the highest social and scientific standing in Europe and America. And yet," soliloquized the professor, "he can't shave a man decently."

"By Jove!" exclaimed young Rounder in astonishment. "What is he a barber for, with all those accomplishments?"

"Oh, he isn't a barber," said the professor, yawning. "You see, I shaved myself this morning."—New York Journal.

London Postoffice Cats.

It may not be generally known that a considerable sum of money for cats' meat appears annually as an item in the postoffice estimates. This meat goes to the support of a whole colony of cats at St. Martin's-le-Grand. How they first came there no one seems to know, but the general impression is that their ancestors belonged to the private offices which were demolished when the present G. P. O. was built, and that they became "strays" about the ruins until the rising walls gradually shut them in, and thus provided them with a home.—Animal's Friend.

He Discovered Fisk.

The late Eben Jordan of Boston was not only the friend in need of Richard Mansfield and the early patron of Nordica, but also the "discoverer" of the celebrated Jim Fisk, Jr., who came to the merchant's store to replenish his peddler's stock and made so good an impression on the head of the house that he was engaged as a clerk. Fisk was soon in receipt of the highest salary paid by the establishment and eventually became a partner.

It is the privilege of posterity to set matters right between those antagonists who, by their rivalry for greatness, divided a whole age.—Addison.

In 1880 the number of cotton factories in this country was 756. In 1890 it was 904, nearly half of the increase being in the southern states.

Minerals In the Human Body.

Dr. Lancaster of London, the first person to scientifically analyze a human body, obtained some curious results for his pains. The body operated upon was that of a man weighing 158.4 pounds. From this he obtained 23.1 pounds of carbon, 2.2 pounds of lime, 22.3 ounces of phosphorus and about an ounce each of sodium (common salt), iron, potassium, magnesium and silicon. Besides the above solids he extracted 5,595 cubic feet of oxygen gas and 105,900 cubic feet of hydrogen gas, the former weighing 121 pounds and the latter 15.4 pounds.—St. Louis Republic.

—There are now 250 cases of typhoid fever in Wilkesbarre. The water supply comes from a water shed subject to filth floodings, and the reservoir and conduits of the water company have been condemned by the State health officers. Nevertheless the company continues to do nothing, and the courts have been appealed to.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

—In an article on the twentieth century Dr. Depew says that electricity will be applied to conduct all transportation by land and sea and to run all machinery on the land. The Doctor has looked into this subject as deeply as any one, and his opinion is decidedly that of a practical man.

—Gomez's successes in Cuba have created a strong sentiment for Cuba's early recognition in Washington.

Wanted to Rent.

A store on Mill street with house attached. Address "X," this office.

Wanted.

A competent girl to do housework. Apply to Mrs. Edward Peirce, Corner Dorrance and Pond Streets.

Coal.

Our people of Bristol are learning that the harder the coal the more economical it is. This you will see by the quantity of coal being sold this Winter by W. F. Leedom.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given to the public that John F. Donley has purchased the entire stock of Gents' Furnishing Goods located and contained in the Closson House building on Bath Street, Bristol Borough, formerly belonging to William E. Donley, and is prepared to furnish an excellent line of goods at reasonable prices. John F. Donley.

—Modern banking facilities were illustrated in the recent transaction in the Bank of England, by which China paid to Japan an indemnity of $21,500,000 in gold. The coin would have loaded thirty-five wagons with a ton each, but the handling of one piece of paper sufficed to transfer the money from China's account to the credit of Japan, the whole proceeding occupying but a few minutes.

—Do not fail to see Birch's dazzling display of blankets, robes, harnesses and sleighs at the Broad Street Repository, Burlington. Sleighs and carriages would be like May without flowers.

Don't Trust to Luck.

Smoke Rainmakers.

—The largest pure diamond, that belonging to the Rajah of Mattan, weighs 367 carats. The one of next greatest weight, the Orloof or Orloff, weighs 193 carats.

De Witt's Little Early Risers for biliousness, indigestion, constipation. A small pill, a prompt cure. J. Edward Wright, 303 Mill Street.

—Ex-Gov. Gibbs, of Texas, has quit the Democratic party, and so its beastly majority in that State will be reduced by at least one vote.

One Minute Cough Cure is a popular remedy for croup. Safe for children and adults. J. Edward Wright, 303 Mill Street.

—F. Marion Crawford, in one of his novels, says that "a perfectly fitted dark blue dress is an ideal gown, that but very few women can successfully wear," but most people consider this a very becoming dress to the majority of women.

Piles of people have piles, but De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve will cure them. When promptly applied it cures scalds and burns without the slightest pain. J. Edward Wright, 303 Mill Street.

Don't Trust to Luck.

Smoke El Libertina.

—The continued discoveries of gold in Colorado are solving the silver problem, so far as that State is concerned, in a way that beats all of the schemes of legislation that have yet been proposed for such a purpose

One Minute Cough Cure is rightly named. It affords instant relief from suffering when afflicted with a severe cough or cold. It acts on the throat, bronchial tubes, and lungs and never fails to give immediate relief. J. Edward Wright, 303 Mill Street.

—The millers of this country are losing $75,000,000 a year through the undoing of the reciprocity policy by a Democratic Congress. It is easy to understand, therefore, why they are mostly Republicans.

Coughing irritates the delicate organs and aggravates the disease. Instead of waiting, try One Minutes Cough Cure. It helps at once, making expectoration easy, reduces the soreness and inflammation. Every one likes it. J. Edward Wright, 303 Mill street.

Don't Trust to Luck.

Smoke Idol Dance.

—On Tuesday twelve people were burned, five tank cars and engine were wrecked and a bridge demolished near Mahoning Station by a collision on the Allegheny River Railroad

Wife—Here's an account of a man who shot himself rather than suffer the pangs of indigestion. Husband—The fool! Why didn't he take De Witt's Little Early Risers? I used to suffer as bad as he did before I commenced taking these little pills. J. Edward Wright, 303 Mill street.

—A steel arch bridge 1240 feet long and 46 feet wide will be thrown across the river at Niagara Falls this year. It is in this fashion that we propose to treat our Canadian neighbors to 4,000,000 pounds of cold steel.

No excuse for sleepless nights when you can procure One Minute Cough Cure. This will relieve all annoyances, cure the most severe cough and give you rest and health. Can you afford to do without it? J. Edward Wright, 303 Mill street.

Don't Trust to Luck.

Smoke Idol Dance.

—The great charm of the Queen of Madagascar is said to be her unconventionality. She chews tobacco, drinks champagne, uses palm oil on her hair, wears $5000 Worth costumes, at the same time going barefooted, and is a member of the Orthodox Congregational church

If suffering with piles, it will interest you to know that De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve will cure them. This medicine is a specific for all complaints of this character, and if instructions (which are simple) are carried out, a cure will result. We have tested this in numerous cases, and always with like results. It never fails. J. Edward Wright, 308 Mill street.

Every business man should have it in his office: it is an invaluable companion—"The Rand-McNally Railway Guide."

—State creation has been proceeding rapidly in recent years. Four new States—the two Dakotas, Montana and Washington—were made in 1889, two—Idaho and Wyoming—in 1890, and one—Utah—in 1896. Probably 1896 will see another State—Oklahoma—added to the list.

A Complete Establishment.

Johnson Brothers, the popular clothiers at the corner of Mill and Wood streets, are now ready for the Fall and Winter trade. They can dress a man from head to toe in the best style and for a small amount of cash. Their Clothing, Hats, Caps, Underwear, Hosiery, Shoes and Neckwear, are all of the latest styles and best makes. They have suits from $5 to $20, honest goods and well made. Hats, from 40 cts. to $3.00. Underwear from $1.00 to $3.00 per suit; and shoes, well made, neat, strong and substantial, at various prices. For reliable goods, bought from standard houses, go to Johnson Brothers. They keep no auction trash upon the premises.

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The Bucks County Gazette

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The Gazette will be pleased to receive at all times communications upon current topics. Anonymous communications however cannot be noticed. In all cases the writer's name is required, (not for publication) as a guarantee of good faith.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 16, 1896.

LOVE'S BIRTH HOUR.

What was the day when, sweet, I loved thee first?
The day when my heart trembled at thy tone.
Almost as much as would my lips have done
Could they have slaked at thine their newborn thirst?
When did this passion into flower burst,
As a bud into a rose, beneath the sun?
When felt I first my body and soul as one?
Life with thee, bless'd; without thee, empty and curs'd?
Who notes love's birth hour then? In sooth, not I.
Though love, like all things, hath its birth and growth,
And love at first sight is a short lived thing.
Nor shall I know the hour when love must die,
For that will be my death hour, too, and both
Will pass to where is no remembering.
—Philip Bourke Marston.

AFTER TRAFALGAR.

Professor Sloane Tells How the French Admiral Was Found Dead In Prison.

That night the storm broke with violence and three of the 11 vessels which had escaped under Admiral Gravina were dashed to pieces on the shore. All but four of the English prizes were wrecked, and of Villeneuve's proud squadron only eight were left. He himself survived as a prisoner, and the following spring was released on parole. Early in April he landed at Morlaix, and, proceeding to Rennes, forwarded thence a letter asking for an opportunity to plead his cause before the emperor. What the reply was is not known, but on the 22d he was found dead in his room, stabbed in several places, the knife embedded in the last wound. The reproaches Napoleon had heaped upon him must have been in the main undeserved, for he was never degraded, but they broke his spirit, and he doubtless committed suicide.

It was long believed that he had been killed by one of his own officers, Magendie, captain of the Bucentaure, lest he should make disclosures disgraceful to the fleet and to the emperor. Captain Wright, who commanded the English ship in which Georges Cadoudal, the Chouan, and other Bourbon conspirators had landed at Biville, had been thrown on French shores from a wreck and taken prisoner. In October, 1805, his [illegible] Pichegru, was found equally theatrical and damning. He was lying with his throat cut, and near at hand were a razor and a copy of the Le Moniteur containing the news of Ulm. The Parisians murmured under their breath that this Bonaparte was indeed unfortunate, as all his enemies died in his hands. Later, however, the most convincing testimony proved Magendie's innocence, and there is little evidence that Fouche or any of his agents were concerned in the deaths of Pichegru and Wright. It is nevertheless possible, and suspicion will never entirely disappear, for the coincidences are startling.—Century.

ANNIE LAURIE.

The Authorship of the Song Fixed Upon Douglas of Fingland.

Frank Pope Humphrey says in McClure's Magazine:

It was at Maxwelton House, Annie's birthplace, that I came across the missing link in the chain of evidence that fixes the authorship of the song upon Douglas of Fingland. Fingland is in the parish of [illegible] bright, and Douglas was a somewhat near neighbor of Annie.

The present proprietor of Maxwelton House, Sir Emilius Laurie, placed in my hands a letter of which he said I might make what use I liked, and this letter contained the missing link.

It was written in 1889 by a friend to Sir Emilius and relates an incident which took place in 1854. At that time the writer, whom we will call Mr. B., was on a visit with his wife to some friends in Yorkshire. Mrs. B. was a somewhat famous singer of ballads. A few friends were invited to meet them one evening, and after the ladies had retired to the drawing room their hostess asked Mrs. B. to sing, and she sang "Annie Laurie," in the modern revision, just as we all sing it.

Among the guests was a lady in her ninety-seventh year. She gave close attention to the singing of the ballad, and when Mrs. B. had finished she spoke up: "Thank you, thank you, very much! But they're na the words my grandfather wrote." Then she repeated the first stanza as she knew it.

The next day Mr. and Mrs. B. called upon her, and in the meantime she had had the original first stanza written out, dictating it to a grandniece. She had signed it with her own shaky hand. Not being satisfied with the signature, she had signed it a second time.

She explained that her grandfather, Douglas of Fingland, was desperately in love with Annie Laurie when he wrote the song. "But," she added, "he did na get her after a'."

She was not quite sure as to Annie's fate, she said. Some folks had said she died unmarried, while some had said she married Ferguson of Craigdarroch, and she rather thought that was the truth.

Questioned as to the authenticity of the lines she had given, she said:

"Oh, I mind them fine! I have remembered them a' my life. My father often repeated them to me." And here is the stanza, signed with her name:

Maxwelton's banks are bonnie.
They're a' clad owre wi' dew
Where I an Annie Laurie
Made up the bargain true,
Made up the bargain true,
Which ne'er forgot s'all be,
An for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down an dee.
I mind na mair. Clark Douglas.
Aug. 30, 1854.

In the common version this stanza reads:

Maxwelton's braes are bonnie
Where early fa's the dew,
An it's there that Annie Laurie
Gie'd me her promise true,
Gie'd me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot will be,
An for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down an dee.

The music of the song is modern and was composed by Lady John Scott, aunt by marriage of the present Duke of Buccleuch. The composer was only guessed at for many years, but somewhat recently she has acknowledged the authorship.

He Had a Snap.

"I was a stockholder in the first railroad ever built in Oregon," said a veteran Wall street man, "and it was a snap. The road was a street in Portland. It was built in 1861, and road, rolling stock and mules cost only a little more than $30,000. It was a mile long, and every man, woman and child that rode that mile had to come down with 25 cents. There were only six stockholders, and the first year we paid for the road and divided nearly $50,000 in profits. We didn't know what a good thing we had, and when, in 1864, Ben Holliday offered us $200,000 for it, cash, we, like fools, went and sold it to him. I wish I had it now!"—New York Sun.

Silent Cab Calls.

One of the latest inventions in connection with the electric light is a silent cab call. Several clubs and hotels in London have already been supplied with this useful commodity. Two lamps are suspended outside the building, one red and the other green, and by pressing a knob in the entrance hall one or other of the lamps can be lit at will. The red light calls a four wheeler and the green a hansom.—Hardware.

EYES TELL TALES.

DISPOSITIONS MADE KNOWN IN THE COLOR OF THE OPTICS.

Black Eyes Are Not Black, and They Fade. The Eyes of Shakespeare, Coleridge and Byron—Beware of Steely Gray and Green. Sweet Brown Eyes.

It has been remarked by those who are most conversant with the anatomy of the optic that the darkest hued eye is most susceptible to change. The fading of the black eye is no secret, as it is almost universal, and this is natural and accounted for from the known fact that the black eye is not black, but a yellow of deep color and sometimes found in combination with one or more colors. The light blue and the gray seem to be the most lasting. The gray eye is an almost universal characteristic of men and women of great intellect.

Shakespeare had deep gray eyes, which were remarkable for their near approach to blue. Up to the death of the poet the original color remained. Lord Byron had the gray eye of the poet. Coleridge also had gray eyes; but, like Shakespeare and Byron, the gray was at times, and under mental excitement particularly, tinted with another color. One biographer of Lord Byron tells of his beautiful, changeable gray eye as one of the chief characteristic features of his physiognomy. The eye of Coleridge was of a greenish gray.

It is an undeniable fact that the colors most common to the eyes—brown, gray, blue, hazel and black, or what is called black—are seldom found in all the purity of the individual color. Regarding the black eye, it is distance only that makes it appear to be purely black, for the reason such strong contrast to the white of the eye that the pupil always appears black. There are also eyes of so bright a hazel as to seem almost yellow, and there are eyes that bear out the often reiterated remark concerning "green eyed jealousy," for they are, to all appearances, positively green. It is frequently the case that they are very beautiful when they are shaded, as is often the case with very long and dark eyelashes, but though beautiful they are not indicative of a good disposition and belong particularly to a person of jealous temperament. Clear, light blue eyes, with a calm steadfastness in their glance, are said to be indicative of a cheerful disposition, of a serene temper and of a constant nature. The light blue eye is peculiar to the northern nations, and it is mostly to be found among the Swedes and the Scotch. Among the rare blonds of the southern portions of Europe is also found the blue eye. The pleasant, light blue eye, with the honest glance, must not be confounded with another sort of eye of a pale blue, almost steel colored hue, which has a continually shifting sort of motion both of the eyelids and the pupils. Human beings having eyes such as these should be avoided, for the color is selfish nature.

Very dark blue eyes, with something of the tint of the violet, show great power of affection and purity of mind, but it is remarked of those that the possessor of such eyes is seldom a person of much intellectuality. It is the universal opinion that blue eyes are more significant of tenderness and of a certain yielding of purpose than either the brown, black or gray eyes. Concerning the constancy of the person, it is agreed that blue eyed people are not inconstant, like those of hazel and yellow eyes, but it is certain that they yield from affection for those they love and only for those remaining constant in every other case and even under the strongest temptation.

Gray eyes with a greenish tint, and with orange as well as blue in them, and which are of ever varying tints, resembling in this respect the sea, are indicative of most intellectuality. These are especially indicative of impulsive, impressionable temperaments—a mixture of the sanguine and bilious—which produce the poetic and artistic natures.

Passionate ardor in love is to be found in the man or woman who possesses black eyes, or what are considered such. The brown eyes, when not of the yellowish tint, but pure russet brown, show an affectionate disposition, and the darker the brown—that is, the more they verge on to that deepest of brown color in eyes we are in the habit of calling black—the more ardent and passionate is the power of affection, while it is agreed that the love of persons with black eyes is most lasting of all. The brown eyes that do not appear to the observer black—that is to say, those which are not sufficiently dark to appear so—are the eyes of sweet, gentle, and unselfish natures, without the inconsistency of the light brown or yellow eyes—"golden eyes," as they have frequently been called, and which are very little more to be trusted than the green eyes.

Although their praises are often sung in Spanish ballads, green eyes show deceit and coquetry in their owner. Sometimes eyes are to be found with a combination of yellow, orange and blue, the latter color generally appearing in streaks over the whole surface of the eyes, while the orange and yellow are set in flakes of unequal size around and at some little distance from the pupil of the eye. Eyes of this variety of tint show intellect, or at least a certain originality of character. No commonplace nature has this particular kind of eyes. Hasty and irritable people frequently have eyes of a brownish tint, inclined to a greenish hue.

Although the purely green eye indicates deceit and coquetry, the propensity to greenish tints in the eyes is a sign of wisdom and courage. Very choleric persons, if they have blue eyes, have also certain tints of green in them, and when under the influence of anger, a sudden red light appears in them.—New York Times.

A Wedding Feast at Serdasht.

I was fortunate enough, while in Persian Kurdistan, to be at Serdasht while the wedding feast of one of the governor's lieutenants was taking place, and all the shops were closed, and the people a-merry-making, music and dancing being the order of the day. The festivities took place upon a green glade only a minute or two's walk from the entrance to the little town, and a gorgeous throng of people it was that I found collected there in the afternoon, for men and women were in holiday attire, rich in silks and brocades.

The girls, in their long gowns of gold threaded silk, with bright handkerchiefs on their heads, the long plaits of black hair falling over their shoulders and down their backs, their necks and foreheads hung with coins and ornaments, were scarcely more brilliant than the men, who, with loose, baggy white trousers and coats of brilliantly striped silks, with their jackets of white felt and gorgeous silk turbans and peaked caps, their skilifully wound sashes of many colors and their embroidered shoes, were pictures of oriental dandyism. How they all laughed and shouted as they danced to the music of the pipes and drums in the bright afternoon sunlight!—Blackwood's Magazine.

Forestalled.

"Yes," said Mr. Cash Byrnes to his boon companion, "I went to see Uncle Bill, and as soon as I stepped in he said: 'I can see by the looks of you what you want. You want to borrow a couple of dollars.' Then he pulled them out of his pocket and handed them to me."

"Liberal old chappie," remarked the friend enviously.

"Liberal? I was just about to touch him for $20, and he as good as knew it."—Indianapolis Journal.

The Tunes the Butchers Play.

"I wonder where the butchers learn the tunes they play on the chopping block with the cleavers when they're chopping the meat up fine?" said Mr. Goslington. "It's just practice, I suppose, but some of them do play very cleverly."—New York Sun.

The Creek Indian war began July 27, 1813, and ended Aug. 9, 1814. The number of volunteers in this war was 13,181 and the number of regulars 600, a total of 13,781.

A STUDY IN HEREDITY.

Results of the Union of a Stupid Race With One Brilliant, but Tainted.

Heredity is a conspicuous feature in the theory of criminal anthropology held by the school of which Lombroso is the leader, and Lombroso's Archivio di Psichiatria contains in a recent issue an article illustrating it. It is a story by Ranieri di Rocchi of three generations of an Italian family. D., whose family since the early years of the sixteenth century had produced only commonplace men and women, married U., whose ancestors, immediate and remote, had been brilliant men and women, with here and there a physical taint that often took the form of ophthalmia and of a degeneration affecting the skin, while others had exhibited psycho ethical anomalies. D. was normal and undistinguished, like all his recent ancestors, and was manifestly the inferior of his wife. She inherited the brilliancy of her race, gathered about her an intellectual society and sometimes wrote verse. Her letters to D. were clever and charming, though not marked with strong evidences of affection. D.'s chief defect as a husband was a certain infirmity of temper, marked by occasional outbursts of anger.

Six children were born to this pair. One son showed great brilliancy and fondness for study, so that he promised to make a name in the world of science or of letters, but he was early overtaken by blindness through the inherited taint, and he died at 60 undistinguished. The second was a "mattoid," in the language of Lombroso and his school. He was clever, but utterly without application. Satiric poetry was his passion. He took to drink and to play, thus exhibiting the psycho ethical taint of his mother's family, and died at 50 from the result of overindulgence in the course of a too rapid life. The child the form of marked impulsiveness.

The third child, a daughter, was distinguished for extreme sensibility and sweetness of character. She was affectionate, charitable and self sacrificing. She lost her husband and her daughter, however, within a month and became a mad hypochondriac, thus exhibiting the mental taint of the mother's family. Two other daughters inherited the father's normal character and apparently not his infirmity of temper, as they are dismissed with a line. The sixth child, a boy, inherited traits of both parents in a marked degree. He was warmly affectionate, and his moral sense was highly developed; but, like the father, he was irascible and at times driven to exhibitions of great anger by trifles. He developed palpitation of the heart toward 30. The inherited literary bent of the mother's family took in him the form of graphomania. He married an unusually sweet natured woman, not of Italian blood, and died at 40, leaving a son and a daughter of tender years.

Here began the third generation. The daughter was a girl of rare intellectual gifts and amazing confidence in her own judgment. Premature old age overtook her at 30. She, too, was a graphomaniac, written many romances, for the most part politico-religious. She wrote with no wish for fame, but merely to put into words her opinions and conceptions of life. She refused indeed to seek a publisher for her writings. The brother, before reaching the age of 18, had written many romances, dramas, poems and sociological studies. He, too, was a graphomaniac, and he published nothing save a few occasional poems. Of four others in the third generation one was gifted, but he became a drunkard. A second showed no marked anomaly, and a third was unintelligent and abnormal.

Thus the marriage of D., the scion of a normal and stupid race, with the brilliant but tainted U., gave to the world a strange succession of brilliant eccentrics, hypochondriacs, mattoids and drunkards.

HE CORNERED MOSBY.

But the Excitement Overcame Him, and the Famous Guerrilla Escaped.

The late Captain Oscar Taylor was born in Poughkeepsie in 1818. When the war broke out, he organized and equipped at his own expense Company F of the Thirteenth New York volunteers and was made captain of the company. He had seen a lot of active service in command of scouting parties in Virginia when in 1863 he got after the guerrilla chief, Mosby. Eventually he located his man at a farmhouse near the Fairfax road and surrounded the place. A roughly dressed man tried to run away from the house, but was shot down. As he fell several women ran out screaming, and picking up the man carried him into the house, barring the door behind them. When the door was opened, one of the women told the troops they had shot a Union soldier, but one who knew Mosby entered the house and found the guerrilla in a Union uniform under a bed.

Leaving Mosby there, the soldier rushed out to report his find. He was particularly elated, for the reason that a reward of $100,000 had been offered for Mosby, dead or alive, on account of his many atrocities. Leaving the man alone even for a moment proved a fatal mistake. The news of the capture was so exciting to Captain Taylor, who had been on the hunt for four days without sleep, that he fell from his horse, suffering from a stroke of paralysis. The fall of their captain threw the troop into confusion. They supposed he had been wounded, and while they were working over him they paid no attention to a seemingly decrepit old woman who hobbled away from the house on the arm of an attendant. A little later the sound of horses galloping down the trail some distance from the house roused the troop, but when they searched for Mosby they learned that he and not an old woman had hobbled away.—New York Sun.

Revenge Beforehand.

"Just as I expected," said the struggling young genius, opening a letter from the editor. "He says my poem is 'very good,' and he accepts it, but 'under the circumstances' he does not 'feel justified in allowing more than $1 for it,' which sum he 'begs to inclose.' When he finds out it's an acrostic conveying the statement that the editor is a stingy old cuss, he won't think he got that poem so blamed cheap, after all, gol ding him!"—Chicago Tribune.

A DAKOTA COLD SNAP.

The Story Is Told and Vouched For by a Member of the Ananias Club.

"Mr. President and gentlemen," began Mr. Calkins, "I am not an old man and therefore the winter I speak of is familiar to all of you—that of 1873. Five of us, with our wives, had gone to Dakota in order to obtain homesteads, and settled 25 miles from the then small village of Fargo, near where the city of Castleton is now situated, but then a wild, desolate prairie, with no neighbors nearer than Fargo and bands of Indians or droves of wolves placing us in constant peril.

"The five families, although having sod houses of their own, all lived in one house for companionship and protection. Well, at 10:30 o'clock Wednesday night, Oct. 2, it turned so cold that we could see the walls moving in and the house grow smaller from the natural contraction caused by the atmosphere. It grew colder constantly until morning, and then remained as it was."

"What was the degree?" some one asked.

"To tell the truth, gentlemen, I do not know," was the response. "We had half a dozen thermometers, but they were the mercury kind, and mercury froze so solid within an hour that the children used the bulbs to play marbles with all that winter and until they thawed out the following Fourth of July. We had plenty of fuel and wore heavy winter wraps in the house, in this way keeping from freezing. After a few weeks we became used to it. One of the ladies discovered how beautiful the icicles were that grew upon the windows. They then wore them as jewels, and diamonds never looked prettier. There was no danger of their melting, even in the house, and it was actually a source of sorrow to the ladies when the weather grew warm enough for us to go out doors and to melt the diamonds with which they had decorated themselves. That was the coldest winter I ever experienced, but I cannot tell just how cold it was, owing to having no spirit thermometer."

MUNYON'S REMEDIES

DOCTOR YOURSELF.

No Guess-Work—No Experimenting—No Harmful Drugs.

A SEPARATE CURE FOR EACH DISEASE.

Ask Your Druggist for Munyon's Guide to Health and Cure Yourself With a 25-Cent Munyon Remedy.

Mr. B. F. Vail, of Warwick, N. Y., says: "I have used Munyon's Rheumatism Cure with great success. I have also given it to friends, who have found it equally efficacious. For a long time I suffered from rheumatism, and although I tried a great many remedies, never found anything to give me relief until I began using Munyon's Cure. It cured me quickly and permanently. It has no equal."

Munyon's Rheumatism Cure never fails to relieve in 1 to 3 hours, and cures in a few days. Price, 25.

Munyon's Dyspepsia Cure is guaranteed to cure all forms of indigestion and stomach troubles. Price, 25c.

Munyon's Catarrh Remedies positively cure. Price, 25c. each.

Munyon's Kidney Cure speedily cures pains in the back, loins and groins, and all forms of kidney disease. Price, 25c.

Munyon's Female Remedies are a boon to all women. Price, 25c.

Asthma Cure, with Asthma Herbs, $1.00.

Munyon's Nerve Cure stops nervousness and builds up the system. Price, 25c.

Munyon's Headache Cure stops headache in three minutes. Price, 25 cents.

Munyon's Pile Ointment positively cures all forms of piles. Price, 25c.

Munyon's Blood Cure eradicates all impurities of the blood. Price, 25c

Munyon's Vitalizer restores lost powers to weak men. Price, $1.00.

A separate cure for each disease. At all druggists, 25c. a bottle.

Personal letters to Prof. Munyon, 1505 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa., answered with free medical advice for any disease.

LIFE IN JAPAN.

Advantages of the Common Workers In the Land of the Mikado.

With us the common worker is incomparably less free than the common worker in Japan. The Japanese man of the people—the skilled laborer, able to underbid without effort any western artisan in the same line of industry—remains happily independent of both shoemaker and tailors. His feet are good to look at, his body is healthy and his heart is free. If he desires to travel 1,000 miles, he can get ready for his journey in five minutes. His whole outfit need not cost 75 cents, and all his baggage can be put into a handkerchief. On $10 he can travel simply on his ability [illegible] You may reply that any savage can do the same thing. Yes, but any civilized man cannot, and the Japanese has been a highly civilized man for at least 1,000 years; hence his present capacity to threaten western manufacturers. We have been too much accustomed to associate this kind of independent mobility with the life of our own beggars and tramps to have any just conception of its intrinsic meaning. Your Japanese tramp takes his hot bath daily if he has a fraction of a cent to pay for it, or his cold bath if he has not. In his little bundle there are combs, toothpicks, razors, toothbrushes.

Ability to live without furniture, without impediments, with the least possible amount of neat clothing, shows more than the advantage held by this Japanese race in the struggle of life. It shows also the real character of some weaknesses in our own civilization. It forces reflection upon the useless multiplicity of our daily wants. We must have meat and bread and butter; glass windows and fire; hats, white shirts and woolen underwear; boots and shoes; trunks, bags and boxes; bedsteads, mattresses, sheets and blankets, all of which a Japanese can do without and is really [illegible] how important an article of occidental attire is the single costly item of white shirts! Yet even the linen shirt, the so called "badge of a gentleman," is in itself a useless garment. It gives neither warmth nor comfort.—Lafcadio Hearn in Atlantic Monthly.

THE HISTORY OF KISSING.

A Form of Salutation That Is Limited to a Few Races.

"'Tis certain," said Dick Steele of kissing, "nature was its author, and that it began with the first courtship." But this is incorrect. 'Tis certain that to many human tribes kissing is unknown. Instead of saying "kiss me," they say "smell me," and this doubtless represents an earlier form of salutation. The kiss is much later than the dance. It is still unknown among many races, and may be called conventional. Some nations smell and rub noses, like horses, in salutation, and where two Frenchmen will run and kiss each other, two central Africans will deliberately spit, by way of friendly greeting.

Dr. Tylor says: "The idea of the kiss being an instinctive gesture is negatived by its being unknown over half the world, where the prevailing salute is that by smelling or sniffing, which belongs to Polynesians, Malays, Burmese and other Indo-Chinese, Mongols, etc., extending thence to the Eskimo, and westward to Lapland, where Linnæus saw relatives saluting by putting their noses together."

The kiss is the salute by tasting, and it has to be taught to children. Preyer, in his excellent book, "The Mind of the Child," states that at first they are averse to and even fearful of the performance. However this may be, it is certain that Europeans speedily take to it as though to the manner born. Osculations were far more common in the good old times than at present. The custom which most delighted Erasmus, when in England, was that the girls all kissed him.

When ceasing to be performed, some of these ceremonies leave their trace in language. Thus both Australians and Spaniards say, "I kiss your hands," as a polite term for returning thanks. John Bunyan was a very different man from Erasmus, and in his "Grace Abounding" he says: "The common salutation of women I abhor. It is odious to me in whosoever I see it." And to those who defended it as the holy kiss he pertinently asked, "Why did they salute the most handsome and let the ill favored go?"—London Standard.

Makes the Weak Strong.

"I have taken several bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and it has made me feel stronger, my appetite has increased and I shall continue taking Hood's Sarsaparilla while it benefits me."—Eugene Gullman, 1525 Morris street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Hood's Pills are especially prepared to be taken with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

In Self-Defense.

you ought to keep your flesh up. Disease will follow, if you let it get below a healthy standard. No matter how this comes, what you need is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. That is the greatest flesh-builder known to medical science far surpassing filthy Cod liver oil and all its nasty compounds. It's suited to the most delicate stomachs. It makes the morbidly thin, plump and rosy, with health and strength.

Send for a free pamphlet, or remit 10 cts. (stamps) and get a book of 168 pages with testimonials, addresses and portraits. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Rupture or breach, permanently cured without the knife. Address, for pamphlet and reference, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Don't Trust to Luck.

Smoke El Libertina.

Try a can of Hopkins' Steamed Hominy (Hulled Corn). It is delicious. Full qt, 10c.

WANAMAKER'S.

PHILADELPHIA, January 13, 1896.



Unprecedented Fur Selling has been going on here since early November, when to already well-rounded stocks we added more than *Two Hundred Thousand Dollars' worth of Trustworthy Fur Garments.* It was a bold stroke, and it has been feebly copied far and near. It is amusing to read of these efforts. Unknown furriers have sold unknown quantities. Little-heard-of factors in the trade have been heralded as purveyors of rich fur garments. And there the efforts cease. Values ruling here during November and December were easily beyond successful competition—prices averaging about half those of former seasons. But, astounding as have been these values, we have made *Prices a Fourth to a Third Lower Than Ever!* And the richest furs are included in these offerings. A descriptive word follows:

Astrakhan Capes, lined with satin rhadame, $5 50.

Astrakhan Capes, made from whole [illegible] satin, $12.

Canada Sealskin Capes, satin lined, $10.

Canada Sealskin Capes, with storm collar and edges finished with genuine black thibet; lined with satin rhadame, $12.

Wool Sealskin Capes, satin lined; storm collar and fronts edged with genuine marten, $18. Such garments are usually $40.

Electric Sealskin Capes, with full storm collar, $25. Regular $45 garments.

Wool Sealskin Capes, with storm collar and edges of marten, $30. Regular $55 values.

Electric Sealskin Capes, both fronts edged with genuine marten; lined with heavy satin rhadame, $30.

Capes of Monkey Fur, handsome in material and workmanship; with double storm collar of electric sealskin, $35.

A few genuine Persian Lambskin Capes, with full storm collar; lined with fancy silks, $40.

Fifty Persian Lambskin Muffs, correct style, at $3.50.

[illegible]

Of course, these are merest hints from the vast collection. Interesting reading, surely.

MUSLIN UNDERWEAR

If home-sewers could make Muslin Underwear equally dainty and elaborate to cost no more than our selling prices they would still be short-sighted to do so, for the wearing out of wife and mother cannot be counted in dollars.

And more thousands of women are agreeing with us each season—more and more thousands since we have raised the standard of excellence. This Seventeenth Half-Year Sale is a revelation! Never were the garments offered so perfectly made; so more than liberal in pattern. Never have we translated so many Paris ideas. And the supply is not limited to American made, for no store in this country carries an equal stock of Paris-made *Lingerie.*

JOHN WANAMAKER.

Another opportunity to buy at prices even lower than last year's forced sale on account of settling a partner's interest.

The sewers and makers have disappointed us in making Clothing promptly. The season has been backward. Between the two—

We have enormous stocks, and in order to make quick sale, will sell at Half Price.

$32.00 Overcoats,	$20.00	$25.00 Suits,	$15.00
25.00 "	15.00	20.00 "	10.00
20.00 "	10.00	16.00 "	8.00

Thousands Good Warm Suits and Overcoats, $5.00

WANAMAKER & BROWN

Sixth and Market Ninth and Chestnut

Notwithstanding the very low prices—the rule is still in force to pay Railroad fare—on very moderate purchases.

WM. H. WANAMAKER

Twelfth and Market Streets

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

Farmer's National Bank of Bucks Co.

At Bristol, in the State of Pennsylvania at the close of business, December 13th, 1895.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$480,409 49
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation		40,000 00
U. S. Bonds on hand		6, 00 00
Premiums on U. S. Bonds		651 06
Stocks, securities, etc		54,143 75
Banking-house, furniture and fixtures		9,500 00
Due from National Banks (not Reserve Agents)		2,137 32
Due from approved reserve agents		51,871 89
Checks and other cash items		1,092 32
Notes of other National Banks		990 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents		63 02
LAWFUL MONEY RESERVE IN BANK viz:		
Specie	$31,400 00	
Legal tender notes	17,000 00	51,400 00
Redemption fund [illegible] (5 per cent. of circulation)		1,800 00
TOTAL		$699,978 85

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$ 32 220 00
Surplus fund	120,000 00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	10 042 26
National Bank notes outstanding	34,440 00
Due to other National Banks,	39,129 60
Due to State Banks and bankers,	2,124 01
Dividends unpaid	387 60
Individual deposits subject to check	401,615 38
TOTAL	$699,958 85

State of Penna., County of Bucks, ss:

I, Charles E. Scott, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly affirm that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

CHARLES E. SCOTT, Cashier.

Subscribed and affirmed to before me this 19th day of December, 1895.

W. H. BOOZ, Notary Public.

CORRECT—Attest:
BENJ. J. TAYLOR,
L. A. HOGUET,
G. A. SHOEMAKER, } Directors

NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

Leader of the Republican Party.

1896.

Are you willing to Listen to a Suggestion

The New York Tribune's broad columns and large print make it the easiest paper in the country to read, either on the cars or at home.

Henry Romeike, proprietor of the largest Newspaper Clipping Agency in the world, testifies in a published card, that his clippings for over 4,000 clients show that The Tribune contains, "day by day and week by week, far more original matter than any daily newspaper in New York City." He proves the fact by figures. The Weekly ranks the same.

Business men find the market reports of The Tribune absolutely without an equal. The Tribune is the only newspaper in New York City whose reporters actually visit all the different markets in person.

The Tribune now prints the best and freshest humorous pictures of the day from the comic press of two continents, and supplies plenty of other entertainment.

By its special telegrams and correspondence, its able editorials and high literary character, The Tribune maintains a splendid position in the regard of Republicans and lovers of music, art, and good books.

The Tribune's society news is known everywhere for excellence. Its Fashions have always been of special value, and change of styles are, as a rule foretold in The Tribune sooner than in other newspapers.

The New York Tribune is recognized, officially, as the leading newspaper of the Republican party.

As for Farming and Labor, The Tribune has for 50 years demanded, and yet demands, that every possible dollar's worth of food and commodities, consumed by the American people, shall be produced by the American people. For this cause, The Tribune labors in its various editions 365 days in every year.

A man is judged by the newspaper he takes. He who reads The Tribune is wide awake, progressive, respectable and capable, worthy of the confidence of business and social friends. If you are a young man, you will live in a rut all your life (except by catering to that which is base) if you feed your mind upon newspapers, full of scandal, vulgarity and inanity. Think for a moment of the people who read newspapers of that class. On the other hand, The Tribune has probably the largest clientele of the very people who can help to improve a young man's position, of any newspaper in the United States. Associate yourself with them.

Mr. Hurr continues to write for The Tribune.

Sample copies free. Daily, $10 a year. Sunday, separately, $2. Semi-Weekly, $2. Weekly, $1. Tribune Almanac for 1896, 25 cents.

THE TRIBUNE, New York.

IN THE MATTER OF THE PARTITION OF the Real Estate of Alfred Harvey, late of the Borough of Bristol, in the County of Bucks, deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given to the heirs of the said decedent that in pursuance of an order of the Orphans' Court of Bucks County, a Writ of Partition has issued by said Court to the Sheriff of said County, returnable on the Tenth day of February, A. D., 1896, and that the inquest will meet for the purpose of making partition of the real estate of said decedent on the Fifth day of February, A. D., 1896 at 11 o'clock, A. M., of said day upon the first of the premises hereinafter described at which time and place you can be present if you see proper. The premises in question are described as follows:

No. 1. A messuage and lot of land situate on the Northeast side of Penn Street in the Borough of Bristol in the County of Bucks and State of Pennsylvania containing in front on said Penn Street 18 feet 9 inches and extending of that width between parallel lines and at right angles to said Penn Street 110 feet to a public alley adjoining lands of William Thorne and land now or late of James Wright.

No. 2. Being a messuage and lot of land situate on the Northeasterly side of Mulberry Street between Wood and Cedar Streets in the Borough of Bristol aforesaid, bounded and described as follows: Beginning on the Northeasterly side of Mulberry Street between Wood and Cedar Streets at a corner of land now or late of William Wood, thence by said land and along the partition between the house on that lot and the house on this, North 44 degrees and ½ east 28 feet to a corner or angle, thence by the same lot north 67 degrees and ½ east 22 feet 9 inches to the line of land now or late of Jesse Knight, thence by said land north 35 degrees and ½ west 27 feet 6 inches to a corner, thence by land now or late of John S. Brelsford, lands now or late of James Bacon, and lands now or late of Stephen B. Carr, south 54 degrees and ½ west to the side of Mulberry Street aforesaid, and thence along the same south 45 degrees and ½ east to the place of beginning.

ALONZO NICHOLAS,
Sheriff of Bucks County.

A. WEIR GILKESON and GILKESON & WRIGHT,
Attorneys for Petitioners.

January 14, 1896.

Farmers' National Bank of Bucks Co.

BRISTOL, PA., January 14, 1896.

AT AN ELECTION HELD THIS DAY, THE following Stockholders were elected Directors of this Bank:

EDWARD THOMAS,	L. A. HOGUET,
J. P. AGNEW, M. D.,	EDWARD BURTON,
JOHN BURTON,	BENJAMIN J. TAYLOR,
GEO. A. SHOEMAKER,	HARVEY H. GILLAM,
EDWARD SWAIN.	

At a meeting of the Directors subsequently held BENJAMIN J. TAYLOR was unanimously re-elected President.

CHARLES E. SCOTT, Cashier.

—The GAZETTE has a fine line of sample of ball programmes, tickets, etc. Call and get suited.

The NEW YORK Sun.

The first of American Newspapers.
CHARLES A. DANA, Editor.

The American Constitution, the American Idea, the American Spirit. These first, last, and all the time, forever!

Daily, by mail.......................$6 a year
Daily and Sunday, by mail.......... 8 a year

The Sunday Sun

Is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world.

Price, 5c. a copy. By mail, $2 a year.

Address THE SUN, New York.

Valuable Real Estate For Sale!

Four 6-room houses on Lafayette Street. A good and safe investment. They are within five minutes' walk of the mills, and are easily rented. Will pay good interest. Also five 6-room houses on Spruce Street. Will be sold cheap. A rare bargain for the money. Will make good homes for small families. Two-thirds of the amount may remain on first mortgage. Address

Edward Barton,
153 BUCKLEY STREET.

EXECUTOR'S SALE
—OF—
REAL ESTATE

In the Borough of Bristol, Penn'a.

The Subscriber, Executor of the last Will and Testament of WALTER F. PENERY, deceased, will sell at public sale on

Saturday, February 1, '96,

On the premises, all that certain House and Lot of Land, situate on the Southeast side of Pond Street, in said Borough, and belonging to the estate of the said Walter F. Penery, deceased, said property being 123 5-10 feet Southwest of the Southwest side of Jefferson Avenue, and having a frontage of 15 1-10 feet on Pond Street and 100 feet in depth, and said house being of medium size.

Sale to take place at 3.30 o'clock, P. M. Conditions will be made known on day of sale.

JOSEPH F. BALLOR,
Executor.

Dated January 16, 1896.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of WILLIAM KINSEY, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks Co., Pa.

LETTERS testamentary on above Estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims to present the same, without delay, to

CAROLINE S. KINSEY,
Executrix.

Or,
A. WEIR GILKESON,
her Attorney.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of DANIEL CURRAN, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks County, Pa.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same will present them without delay, in proper order for settlement, to

JOHN CURRAN,
Administrator.

1-9-96

AN OFFICE WHERE

Everything in connection with

REAL ESTATE

IS CAREFULLY ATTENDED TO

You can buy a Property, have the deed drawn procure a loan on mortgage, get the building insured and the lot surveyed; the whole transaction completely and carefully attended to by one person, just as you would do it yourself, if you knew how.

A. Weir Gilkeson,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

BRISTOL, PA.

RHEUMATIC CURE

FREE.

ALL who suffer with lame back, muscular soreness, tender, inflamed and swollen joints, or any of the various forms of RHEUMATISM, may confidently expect prompt relief from the use of

Dr. Whitehall's Rheumatic Cure.

THE LATEST AND THE BEST.

Free sample at

EMLEN MARTIN'S DRUG STORE,
—Radcliffe Street,—

11-21-95 BRISTOL, PA.

Upholstering and Repairing

OF FURNITURE of all kinds.

CARPETS beaten, sewed and laid. Window Shades, Awnings, Slip Covers. Mattresses made over—hair thoroughly picked, feathers renovated by steam.

Chairs Re-Caned.

Orders from the surrounding country will receive my personal attention.

Chas. H. Ancker,

Mill Street, next to Post-office

BRISTOL, PA.

John T. Thorne,

Paper Hanger,

And Dealer in—

WALL PAPERS.

All ordinary Papers hung at the uniform price of

10c a Piece.

218 Mill Street,
Bristol, Pa.

R. BUSEMAN,

BREAD AND FANCY CAKE BAKERY

AND ICE CREAM SALOON,

Bath and Otter Streets, Bristol.

Weddings and Parties Supplied at Short Notice

Mr. G. F. Brinkerhoff,

Specialist in Lenses for the Eye,

Has resumed his visits to Bristol, and will be at

A. E. BAYLIES' JEWELRY STORE,

Thursday, Jan. 16th,

Where examinations for all forms of defective sight will be thoroughly and scientifically made.

He guarantees every pair of glasses ordered to be satisfactory, and expects to win your confidence by the skillful and accurate manner in which he gives you improved and comfortable vision.

W. E. Doron,

Corner of Radcliffe and Market Streets,

BRISTOL, PA

Best Lehigh

COAL

In the Market.

Lumber

By car load, at Wholesale Prices.

DANCING.

Wilson's Dancing Academy,

Cor. Radcliffe and Walnut Sts.,

BRISTOL, PA.,

Will open for the Fall Term on

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 10th, 1895,

At 7.30 P. M.

Social Dance every Tuesday evening, from 9 o'clock until 11.30.

Season Tickets for 12 dances at the Social at reduced rates. Apply at Hall or by mail to

WM. H. J. WILSON, Instructor.

Robert Clark,

Upholsterer and Cabinet Maker,

No. 28 Radcliffe St.

Furniture Repaired, Upholstered, Carpets sewed and laid, Carpets taken up and cleaned, Mattresses renovated, Window Shades made to order, Chairs re-caned, packing of Furniture, and Repairing promptly and satisfactorily attended to.

FIRE, LIFE, ACCIDENTAL

INSURANCE

JUST, PROMPT, CERTAIN,

Best Companies, Lowest Rates.

Real Estate,

All business entrusted to me will meet with prompt and careful attention.

W. C. Hendrickson,

No. 566 Bath Street, Bristol, Pa.

FREDERICK KING,

DEALER IN

HEADLIGHT AND OTHER OILS,

LAMPS AND FIXTURES.

CONFECTIONERY

Corner Pond and Dorrance Sts.,

BRISTOL, PA.

NewspaperARCHIVE®

BRISTOL POST OFFICE.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

In effect June 26, 1895.

NEW YORK AND EAST—Arrives at 7.15, 9.30, 10.40 A. M., 2.16, 7.30 P. M. Closes at 7.00, 8.15, 11.30 A. M., 3.30, 7.00 P. M. SUNDAYS—Arrives at 8.00 A. M. Closes at 9.00 A. M.

PHILADELPHIA AND WEST—Arrives at 7.15, 8.00, 9.30 A. M., 12.15, 4.30, 7.30 P. M. Closes at 8.00, 8.45, 10.00 A. M., 1.30, 2.45, 6.40 P. M. SUNDAYS—Arrives at 8.00 A. M. Closes at 9.00 A. M.

NEWPORTVILLE—Arrives at 8.00 A. M. and leaves at 8.07 A. M.

EMILIE, OXFORD VALLEY, &c—Arrives at 10.10 A. M. Closes at 11.15 A. M.

NEWTOWN Stage arrives 11.30 A. M., leaves .00 P. M.

Mails for the West and South go by every Philadelphia mail.

Post Office closes 8.00 P. M. Saturday, 8.30 P. M. Open Sunday from 8 to 9 A. M.

J. M. WINDER, P. M.

Location of

BOXES AND KEYS.

BRISTOL FIRE-ALARM TELEGRAPH.

24. Box at T. L. Leedom & Co.'s Carpet Mill Key at Thos. L. Leedom & Co.'s office.
25. Box at Dorrance and Canal Streets. Keys at Wilson & Fenimore Co.'s Paper Mill office, T. B. Harkins Foundry Co.'s office, Sherman & Peirce's office.
26. Box at Edward T. Steel & Co.'s Mill. Keys at E. T. Steel & Co.'s office, Rolling Mill office, Electric Light Station, Fourth ward Hose House.
27. Box at Wm. H. Grundy & Co.'s Mill. Keys at Wm. H. Grundy & Co.'s office, Rolling Mill office.
31. Box at Doron's office, Radcliffe and Market Streets. Keys at Wm. E. Doron's office, James Wright's store, Police Station, Silbert's Hotel.
36. Box at Dorrance and Cedar Streets. Keys at Comfort's Livery Stable, L. J. Bevan's residence. Douglass' Drug Store.
43. Box at Young's Drug Store, Bath Street. Keys at Young's Drug Store, E. C. Brudon's residence, Wilson Randall's residence, S. W. Hayes' store.
45. Box at Buckley Street, east of Pine Street. Keys at Appleton's Mill office, Lewis Jones' Mill office, James Blanche's Saloon.
47. Box at Otter and Linden Streets. Keys at Gas House, Third ward Hose House, G. H. Lyndall's residence. Chas. Yeaman's coal office.
567. Box at America Hose Company House. Keys at America Hose House, Ticket office P. R. R., Joseph Wright's store, M. L. Hellyer's store.

☞All Policemen and Night Watchmen carry Keys.

LODGE DIRECTORY.

BRISTOL LODGE, No. 25, FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS.
Instituted 1780.
Meets Saturday on or before full moon at Masonic Building, Cedar street.
William S. Wright, W. M., Bristol,
Harry C. Evans, Secretary, Bristol.

HERMIONE LODGE, No. 109, KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.
Instituted 1868.
Meets every Friday night in Washington Hall
Walter Hall, Chancellor Commander,
John R. Campbell, K. of R. and S.

HERMIONE DIVISION, No. 10, 3D REG. OF PENNA., UNIFORM RANK KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.
Instituted 1895.
Meets every Wednesday night at ———
William V. Leech, Captain Commanding,
H. T. W. Bickel, Sir Knight Recorder.

HOPKINS LODGE, No. 87, INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS.
Instituted 1843.
Meets every Wednesday night in I. O. O. F. Building.
Lewis Luchner, Noble Grand,
Harvey S. Rue, Secretary.

MARTHA WASHINGTON CHAMBER, No. 2, KNIGHTS OF FRIENDSHIP.
Instituted 1881.
Meets every Thursday night in Washington Hall.
Edward Hoeding, Sir Knight Marshal,
William Haley, Cor. Secretary.

JULIA P. SHADE CHAMBER, No. 5, COMPANIONS OF FRIENDSHIP.
Instituted 1890.
Meets every Wednesday night in Washington Hall.
Maggie Johnson, Worthy Chief Command ess.
Miss Ines Weygand, Rec. Secretary.

H. CLAY BEATTY POST, No. 73, G. A. R.
Instituted 1877.
Meets 1st and 3rd Monday night of the month in Washington Hall.
Thomas B. Harkins, Commander,
Wm. A. Barnhill, Adjutant.

H. CLAY BEATTY CIRCLE, No. 4, LADIES OF THE G. A. R.
Instituted 1885.
Meets every Thursday night in Washington Hall.
Mrs. Sarah Pearson, President.
Mrs. Hattie Vandegrift, Recording Secretary.

FIDELITY COUNCIL, No. 21, JR. ORDER UNITED AMERICAN MECHANICS.
Instituted 1882.
Meets every Thursday night at Mohican Hall.
Filbert Vandegrift, Councillor,
Horace G. Young, Rec. Secretary.

NONPAREIL COUNCIL, ROYAL ARCANUM
Instituted 1887.
Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesday night of the month in Washington Hall.
Charles H. Dilts, Regent,
Wm. E. Doron, Secretary.

BRISTOL CASTLE, No. 409, KNIGHTS OF THE GOLDEN EAGLE.
Instituted 1895.
Meets every Tuesday night in Mohican Hall
Robert J. Hetherington, Noble Chief,
John K. Young, Master of Records.

MOHICAN TRIBE, NO. 127, IMPROVED ORDER OF RED MEN.
Instituted 1870.
Meets every Monday night in Mohican Hall
William Stetson, Sachem,
Harry Daniels, Secretary.

NESHAMINY COUNCIL, No. 21, DEGREE OF POCOHONTAS.
Instituted ——.
Meets every Saturday night at Mohican Hall.
Mrs. Ella M. Wright, Pocahontas.
Mrs. Fannie Daniels, Keeper of Records.

LIGHT OF LIBERTY LODGE, No. 155, AMERICAN PROTESTANT ASSOCIATION.
Instituted 1884.
Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesday night of the month in Mohican Hall.
James A. Jefferson, Worthy Master,
George W. Fisher, Rec. Secretary.

KEY OF LIBERTY LODGE, JR. ORDER AMERICAN PROTESTANT ASSOCIATION, No. 1.
Instituted 1892.
Meets 1st Saturday night of the month in Mohican Hall.
Josephine Rolls, W. M.,
Joseph Fisher, R. S.

GOLDEN KEY COURT, No. 3, AMERICAN PROTESTANT ASSOCIATION.
Instituted ——.
Meets 3rd Wednesday night of the month in Mohican Hall.
Mrs. Jemima Spencer, Worthy Mistress,
Mrs. Mary E. Young, Rec. Secretary.

COURT ONWARD, No. 89, FORESTERS OF AMERICA.
Instituted 1893.
Meets every Tuesday night in Washington Hall.
Maurice Hellyer, Chief Ranger,
R. B. Kelly, Financial Secretary.

BRISTOL DIVISION, No. 1, ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.
Instituted 1883.
Meets 1st Thursday night of the month in A. O. H. Hall, Corson street.
Patrick F. Fallon, President,
James Roche, Secretary.

BRISTOL DIVISION, No. 107, SONS OF TEMPERANCE.
Instituted 1882.
Meets every Friday night in Washington Hall
Jennie McKey, Worthy Patriarch,
George J. Sheppard, Recording Scribe.

BRISTOL CASTLE, No. 13, ANCIENT ORDER KNIGHTS OF THE MYSTIC CHAIN.
Instituted 1883.
Meets every Monday night in Washington Hall
Frank S. Moss, Commander,
J. C. Adams, Rec. Secretary.

GEO. J. SHEPPARD, COMPANY G, 2ND REGIMENT, ANCIENT ORDER KNIGHTS OF THE MYSTIC CHAIN.
Instituted 1890.
J. C. Adams, Captain,
Wm. B. Holt, Orderly Sergeant.

BRISTOL TEMPLE, No. 60, LADIES OF THE GOLDEN EAGLE.
Instituted 1895.
Meets every Monday night in Evans' Hall.
Mrs. Ellen Mackie, Noble Templar,
Mrs. Hattie Vandegrift, Guardian of Records.

LOVE'S LINK.

A sad procession sought the church at noon of day,
A weeping girl alone the winding summer way
Following the slow borne bier where mute her lover lay.
Adown that flowered path there came a bridal band,
The radiant wife stepped proudly, strong of heart and grand
With all the solemn joy of love's still wonderland.
White garmented, like day dawned clear with cloudless skies!
Dark robed, like night o'ercast that sees no star arise!
They met, they paused, they looked into each other's eyes.
And thus, for swift and sweet is love's converging tide,
Behold, the fair young wife wept as she turned aside—
The hopeless girl who wept smiled on the new made bride.

—Philadelphia Ledger.

CO. B'S DAUGHTER.

"A gentleman who doesn't know the Circassian circle ought not to stand up for it—puttin everybody out." That was what Miss McKenna said, and the sergeant who was my vis-a-vis looked the same thing. I was afraid of Miss McKenna. She was 6 feet high, all yellow freckles and red hair and was simply clad in white satin shoes, a pink muslin dress and apple green stuff sash and black silk gloves, with yellow roses in her hair, wherefore I fled from Miss McKenna and sought my friend, Private Mulvaney, who was at the cant—refreshment table.

"So ye've been dancin with little Jhansi McKenna, sorr—she that's goin to marry Corp'ril Slane? Whin ye next converse wid yer lorruds an yer ladies, tell thim ye've danced wid little Jhansi. 'Tis a thing to be proud av."

But I wasn't proud. I was humble. I saw a story in Private Mulvaney's eye, and, besides, if he staid tu long at the bar, he would, I knew, qualify for more pack drill. Now, to meet an esteemed friend doing pack drill outside the guardroom is embarrassing, especially if you happen to be walking with his commanding officer.

"Come on to the parade ground, Mulvaney—it's cooler there—and tell me about Miss McKenna. What is she, and who is she, and why is she called 'Jhansi?'"

"D'ye mane to say ye've niver heard av ould Pummeloe's daughter? An ye thinkin ye know things! I'm wid ye in a minit, whin me poipe's lighted."

We came out under the stars. Mulvaney sat down on one of the artillery bridges and began in the usual way, his pipe between his teeth.

"Whin Mrs. Mulvaney that is was Miss Shad that was ye were a dale younger than ye are now, an the army was diff'rint in sev'ril esenshuls. Bhoys have no call for to marry nowadays, an that's why the army has so few rale, good, honest, swearin strapagin, tinder hearted, heavy futted wives as ut used to hav whin I was a corp'ril. I was rejuced afterward—but no matther—I was a corp'ril wanst. In thim times a man lived an died wid his rigimint, an by natur' he married whin he was a man. Whin I was corp'ril—mother av hivin, how the rigimint has died an been borrun since that day!—my color sarjint was auld McKenna an a married man tu. An his woife—his first woife, for he married three times, did McKenna—was Bridget McKenna, from Portarlington, like meself. I've misremembered fwhat her first name was, but in B comp'ny we called her 'ould Pummeloe' by reason av her figure, which was entirely circumferenshil—like the big dhrum! Now, that woman—God rock her sowl to rest in glory—was for everlastin havin childher, an McKenna, whin the fifth or sixth come squallin on to the musther roll, swore he wud number thim off in the futur'. But ould Pummeloe she prayed av him to christen thim afther the names av the stations they was borrun in. So there was Colaba McKenna, an Multra McKenna, an a whole presidency av other McKennas, an little Jhansi dancin, over yonder. Whin the childher wasn't bornin they was dyin, for of our childher die like sheep in these days, they died like flies thin. I lost me own little Shad—but no matther. 'Tis long ago, an Mrs. Mulvaney niver had another.

"I'm digresshin. Wan divil's hot summer there come an order from some mad ijjit, whose name I misremember, for the rigimint to go up country. Maybe they wanted to know how the new rail carried throops. They know. On me sowl, they knew before they was done! Ould Pummeloe had just buried Muttra McKenna, an the season bein unwholesim only little Jhansi McKenna, who was 4 years ould thin, was left on hand.

"Five childher gone in 14 months. 'Twas harrd, wasn't ut?

"So we wint up to our new station in that blazin heat. May the curse av St. Lawrence conshume the man who gave the ordher! Will I ivir forgit that move? They gave us two wake thrains to the rigimint, an we was eight hundher an sivinty strong. There was A, B, C an D companies in the second thrain, wid twelve women, no orficers' ladies an thirteen childher. We was to go six hundher miles, an railways was new in thim days. Whin we had been a night in the belly av the thrain, the min ragin in their shirts an dhrinkin anything they cud find, an eatin bad fruit stuff whin they cud, for we cudn't stop 'em—I was a corp'ril thin—the cholera bruk out wid the dawnin av the day.

"Pray to the saints ye may niver see cholera in a throop thrain! 'Tis like the judgmint av God hittin down from the nakid sky. We run into a rest camp, as ut might have been Ludianny, but not by any means so comfortable. The orficer commandin sent a telegrapt up the line, three hundher mile up, askin for help. Faith, we wanted ut, for ivry sowl av the followers ran for the dear life as soon as the thrain stopped, an by the time that telegrapt was writ there wasn't a naygur in the station exceptin the telegrapt clerk, an he only bekaze he was held down to his chair by the scruff av his sneakin black neck. Thin the day began wid the noise in the carr'ges, an the rattle av the min on the platform fallin over, arms an all, as they stud for to answer the comp'ny muster roll before goin over to the camp. 'Tisn't for me to say fwhat like the cholera was like. Maybe the doctor cud ha' tould av he hadn't dhropped on to the platform from the door av a carriage where he was takin out the dead. He died wid the rest. Some bhoys had died in the night. We tuk out siven, and twinty more was sickenin as we tuk thim. The women was huddled up anyways, screamin wid fear.

"Sez the commandin orficer, whose name I misremember: 'Take the women over to that tope av trees yonder. Get thim out av the camp. 'Tis no place for thim.'

"Ould Pummeloe was sittin on her beddin rowl, thryin to kape little Jhansi quiet. 'Go off to that tope!' sez the orficer. 'Go out av the min's way!'

"'Be damned av I do!' sez ould Pummeloe, an little Jhansi, squattin by her mother's side, squeaks out, 'Be damned ef I do tu.' Thin ould Pummeloe turns to the women, an she sez, 'Are ye goin to let the bhoys die while you're picnickin, ye sluts?' sez she. ''Tis wather they want. Come on an help.'

"Wid that she turns up her sleeves an steps out for a well behind the rest camp, little Jhansi trottin behind wid a lotah an string an the other women followin like lambs wid horse buckets and cookin degchies. Whin all the things was full, ould Pummeloe marches back into camp—'twas like a battlefield wid all the glory missin—at the hid av the rigimint av women.

"'McKenna, me man,' she sez, wid a voice on her like grand roun's challenge, 'tell the bhoys to be quiet. Ould Pummeloe's a-comin to look afther thim—wid free dhrinks.'

"Thin we cheered, an the cheerin in the lines was louder than the noise av the poor divils wid the sickness on thim. But not much.

"Ye see, we was a new an raw rigimint in those days, an we cud make neither head nor tail av the sickness, an so we was useless. The min was goin roun an about like dumb sheep, waitin for the nex' man to fall over an sayin undher their spache: 'Fwhat is ut? In the name av God, fwhat is ut?' 'Twas horrible. But through ut all, up an down an down an up, wint ould Pummeloe an little Jhansi—all we cud see av the baby undher a dead man's helmet wid the chin strap swingin about her little stummick—up an down wid the water an fwhat brandy there was.

"Now an thin ould Pummeloe, the tears runnin down her fat, red face, sez, 'Me bhoys, me poor, dead darlin bhoys!' But for the most she was thryin to put heart into the min an kape thim stiddy, an little Jhansi was tellin thim all they wud be 'betther in the mornin.' 'Twas a thrick she'd picked up from hearin ould Pummeloe whin Muttra was burnin out wid fever. In the mornin! 'Twas the iverlastin mornin at St. Peter's gate was the mornin for seven an twinty good men, an twinty more was sick to the death in that bitter, burnin sun. But the women worked like angils, as I've said, an the men like divils till two doctors come down from above an we was rescued.

"But just before that ould Pummeloe, on her knees over a bhoy in my squad—right cot man to me he was in the barrick—tellin him the worrud av the church that niver failed a man yet, sez: 'Hould me up, bhoys! I'm feelin bloody sick!' 'Twas the sun, not the cholera, did ut. She misremembered she was only wearin her ould black bonnet, an she died wid 'McKenna, me man,' houldin her up, an the bhoys howled whin they buried her.

"That night a big wind blew an blew an blew an blew the tents flat. But ut blew the cholera away, an niver another case there was all the while we was waitin—ten days in quarintin'. Ef ye will belave me, the thrack of the sickness in the camp was for all the worruld the thrack av a man walkin four times in a figur' av eight through the tents. They say 'tis the Wandherin Jew takes the cholera wid him. I believe ut.

"An that," said Mulvaney illogically, "is the cause why little Jhansi McKenna is fwhat she is. She was brought up by the quartermaster sarjint's wife whin McKenna died, but she b'longs to B comp'ny, an this tale I'm tellin ye—wid a proper appreciashin av Jhansi McKenna—I've belted into eve'y recruity av the comp'ny as he was drafted. Faith, 'twas me belted Corp'ril Slane into askin the girl!"

"Not really?"

"Man, I did! She's no beauty to look at, but she's ould Pummeloe's daughter, an 'tis my juty to provide for her. Just before Slane got his wan eight a day I sez to him: 'Slane, sez I, 'tomorrow 'twill be insubordinashin av me to chastise ye; but, by the sowl av ould Pummeloe, who is now in glory, ef ye don't give me yer worrud to ask Jhansi McKenna at wanst, I'll peel the flesh off yer bones wid a brass huk tonight. 'Tis a disgrace to B comp'ny she's been single so long,' sez I. Was I goin to let a 3-year-ould preshume to discoorse wid me, my will bein set? No! Slane wint an asked her. He's a good bhoy, is Slane. Wan av these days he'll get into the com'ssariat an dhrive a boggy wid his—savin's. So I provided for ould Pummeloe's daughter, an now ye go along an dance agin wid her."

And I did.

I felt a respect for Miss Jhansi McKenna, and I went to her wedding later on.

Perhaps I will tell you about that one of these days.—Rudyard Kipling.

Leprosy and Erysipelas.

Some time ago a report was published concerning the remarkable influence of an attack of erysipelas on the leprosy from which a patient had been suffering. The incurable nature of leprosy is one of the most distressing facts in connection with this grave disorder. The observation to which I allude was made on a distinctly leprous patient, and after the erysipelas attack had passed away it was found that the leprosy itself showed marked signs of improvement and amelioration. The hint which is thus given in the course of nature's experimentation upon us should not be lost sight of. The theory on which the explanation of the cure of leprosy through an attack of erysipelas rests is that known as the antagonism of microbes.

The erysipelas attack probably liberates into the blood and tissues some principle or antitoxine which is fatal to the growth of the leprosy bacilli. We find in such a case the analogue of the antitoxine treatment of diphtheria by the serum of the horse's blood. In inaugurating such a system of treatment it is obvious we have only been following out nature's own ways and works. If erysipelas be found to be antagonistic to leprosy, it is clear the course of future experimentation will be that of discovering exactly and practically the conditions under which an inoculation of erysipelas germs may be curative of the other and more serious ailment.—London News.

Discouraging a Boy.

A boy 8 or 9 years old stood at the corner of Brush and Elizabeth streets the other day with head up and arms folded. He had three hen's feathers stuck in his cap. He had a bow slung to his back, and in a quiver made of buffalo hide he had three or four arrows. In his belt was the family bread knife, and in his right hand was a warclub. As he thus stood, casting his eagle eye about him, a telegraph boy came along and stopped and looked him over. The inspection lasted a full minute, and then he asked:

"Playing Injun?"
"Yes."
"Got a name?"
"Red Cloud."
"Humph! No go."
"What's the matter?"

"You have been eating bread and butter with sugar on it and forgot to wipe off your mouth! Better stay in the back yard and scare the baby! You're no big Injun!"—Detroit Free Press.

Never Feazed Him.

The baldheaded man is the barber's natural victim. It requires a degree of moral courage, little appreciated by the ordinary mortal, for a man who is beginning to lose his hair to trust himself in a barber's chair. Probably the majority of the baldheads, after a little experience, cease to resist, and, merely to save themselves annoyance, submit to be mulcted for every fresh nostrum that is offered. It is much easier than to try to convince the barber that one really knows what is causing one's hair to disappear and that the fashionable barber shop remedies are useless. There are a few, however, who eagerly catch at each new compound and try it with unabounded faith in the representations of the wily artists who sell it.

One of these got into a chair in a down town barber shop the other day and in response to the usual recommendation that he try the very latest and "absolutely sure" mixture for preventing baldness said:

"Why, I've been using that for a year and you can see it has not cured me."

The barber was dashed for a minute, but only for a minute. Then he said blandly:

"Oh, but you know it is not warranted to cure baldness, only prevent it. You, being bald already, of course it could not prevent your becoming bald. But you can see for yourself that it's done you some good. You have still a lock or two of hair behind your ears."—Buffalo Express.

Garfield's First Employer.

Edward H. Viers, now a farmer near Akron, O., claims the honor of having been the first man to give the late President Garfield employment on the canal. Viers was running a boat for P. D. Hall of Akron at the time. "We were pulling through Ravenna," says Viers, "when I was approached by a boy who asked for a job. Needing a driver, I employed him. He told me that his name was James A. Garfield. His whole possessions were a bundle of clothing, which he carried under his arm. When we reached Cleveland, I advanced him the money to buy a book called 'A Self Made Man,' which he had seen in a store and which took his fancy. He was one of the most willing and faithful young fellows that ever worked under me. I had an old horse named Prince, known from one end of the canal to the other, and from the back of that animal Garfield made his first speeches. They amused us and often afforded us food for reflection."

OLD TIME ORATORY.

THE POWERFUL BUT GROTESQUE BATES OF KENTUCKY.

The Blue Grass People Went to the Meeting to Mock the "Old Codger" From Barren County, but His Eloquence Conquered Them In a Few Moments.

"Speaking of stump speakers, I wish to relate an anecdote which has the merit of truth, if nothing else. It was in 1856, I believe—the exact date is not important, for it was about that era—James P. Bates, then of Glasgow and later of Bowling Green, made a tour of Kentucky, delivering speeches in advocacy of the Democratic cause. He was no ordinary man. He possessed marvelous individuality, great ideality, a keen sense of justice and superb mental and physical courage. The lines in his homely face were strongly enough marked to attract the attention of the most unobservant, and his tall, slender and not ungraceful form rendered him conspicuous in any gathering. But his voice was the crowning endowment of Bates as an orator. It was commanding, musical, magnetic and the most inspiring imaginable.

"On the tour I speak of he had an appointment to speak at Harrodsburg, Mercer county, and handbills announcing the event had been posted in that town weeks in advance of the date. There resided at Harrodsburg an intense Whig, Thomas Martin, who had formerly lived in Barren county, and though he hated Bates' politics he knew the capabilities of the man. He knew that blue grass people, as a rule, had a very poor opinion of the Pennyr'ile and did not think anything very excellent could come out of as pronounced a Pennyr'ile county as Barren. So Martin, when he found Bates was to speak in Mercer county, began to herald him as one of the leading orators of the state. He would say: 'Just wait until Colonel James P. Bates gets here. He'll show you what eloquence is.' His words were received with incredulity and even with derision, but he persisted, and finally he succeeded in arousing the curiosity of the whole community, and a splendid audience was assured Bates upon his appearance.

"At last the day arrived, and with it Bates. Martin and about a dozen other friends were sitting in front of the tavern—there was no 'hotel' then—and about 11 o'clock in the forenoon they saw approaching a tall and uncouth figure, almost grotesque in garb—a soiled linen duster, a soiled stovepipe hat, soiled trousers that had 'climbed' nearly to the knees, exposing a pair of 'blue mixed,' home knit yarn socks, loosely covering spindleshanks, and just above shoes, untied, that were rusty as last year's plowshares. All this bestride an old flea bitten gray mare, lathered with sweat, for the day was scorching hot. It was James P. Bates.

"He rode up to the tavern, and before he dismounted he hallooed out in that voice that no man who ever heard it ever forgot: 'Tom Martin, how are you? I am glad to see you, for I want a dram, and you can tell me where I can get the best liquor.' Martin was horrified, for his companions were convulsed with laughter and enjoyed his evident embarrassment. He answered Bates by shaking him by the band and leading him to the hotel bar, where both took 'hog drivers.' He then went out and took Bates' saddlebags off the old gray, carried them inside and had the best room in the house put in commission. Bates' shirt was not immaculate, and Martin fished out from the saddlebags a clean garment. He sent out for the town barber and had his friend decently shaved, his clothes brushed, shoes polished and hat smoothed.

"Bates complained of being very tired and anxious for an hour's rest and was fast asleep on the bed before Martin had finished arranging his wardrobe. Martin went down stairs, and there he was unmercifully guyed by his friends and acquaintances of both parties, but his only answer was: 'Go and hear him. Go and hear him, gentlemen, and you'll change your tune.' They all said they would not miss it for any consideration. Upon the ringing of the first tavern bell Martin took another 'hog driver' up to Bates, who was already up and performing his ablutions. After he was dressed and the liquor drank they descended to the dining room, where Bates ate a hearty meal, after which he sat down for awhile under the shade trees in front of the tavern, gossiping with Martin about old times and old friends 'down in Bar'n.'

"When the speaking was announced by the ringing of the courthouse bell, Bates and Martin proceeded to that building, already overflowing with people, many of them drawn from idle curiosity to hear what sort of talk such an odd looking old codger would make.

"Bates ascended the judge's stand and opened with the stereotyped 'Fellow citizens.' His former aspect was changed. His eyes, his manner, his voice, were those of the nature molded orator. He knew two things—the law and politics—and on this occasion he discussed political issues like the master he was. Those who came to mock remained to applaud, and for two hours he held his audience entranced. Tom Martin was the happiest man in Mercer county that night. Bates proceeded on his way, and at Lebanon, in Marion county, he had an experience very like that at Harrodsburg.

"He was not a practical politician. He was too impolitic for that. He was no electioneer. He was too blunt for that. His ambition was to attain a seat in congress, but the only time he was nominated was when his election was hopeless. It was in 1855, and his speeches against Know Nothingism that year are yet eulogized in the traditions of the old Third district. He was elected to the legislature, and when the spavined old state office of president of the board of internal improvements was yet existent he was nominated for it because of his transcendent power on the stump.

"After the war he was frequently a candidate for office, but a new generation had appeared that knew not Bates. His mind was unimpaired, and he was in political accord with the great majority of the people of Kentucky and of the Third district, but he was too blunt, too plain spoken, too little of a wire puller to succeed in a convention."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

BROKEN BY THE BANK.

Some Records of Gamblers at the Monte Carlo Tables.

An exact record is kept of the profits of each table at Monte Carlo every day, but it is sufficient for our purpose to strike an average. The earnings of a roulette table during the winter average £400 a day, and during the summer £350. For the trente et quarante tables the averages are £300 and £250 a day respectively. Of course the takings of these tables vary very considerably. A plunger may walk into the rooms at any moment and have a run of luck which will not only prevent any particular table from making a profit, but force the cashier to advance more money to keep it going. This feat is erroneously called "breaking the bank;" but, depend upon it, all such winnings find their way back again to the tables.

As Pere Blanc remarked, "He who breaks the bank today will be broken by the bank tomorrow." It was so with Lucky Chance Wells, whose play I watched closely from day to day, and who undoubtedly won nearly £50,000 during two visits of ten days' duration. He lost not only the whole of it at two subsequent visits, but also £10,000 of the money of people whom he duped with his bogus patents. So with a well known London money lender, one of the best customers of the tables, who visits Monte Carlo every season. He generally plays the maximum of 12,000 francs (£480) a coup at trente et quarante and has won large sums from time to time. He informed me, however, last winter that he was almost always a loser at the end of his stay,—that he made £10,000 his limit of loss, and that during the last 10 or 12 years he had left at least £100,000 upon the tables. These are only typical cases. The winner at Monte Carlo returns to make a little more. The loser returns to try to get his money back, and, so in the end, la banque gagne toujours!

Hall Caine and Gladstone.

He (Hall Caine) left school at the age of 15 and was apprenticed by his father to John Murray, architect and land surveyor. The lad had no special faculties for architecture beyond possessing a fair knowledge of drawing. When only 13 he drew the map of England which appeared in the first edition of Gill's "Geography."

John Murray was agent for the Lancashire estates of W. E. Gladstone, and it was in this way that Hall Caine first became known to the statesman, who from the first has been among his keenest admirers. One of the first occasions on which he attracted Mr. Gladstone's attention was one day when he was superintending the surveying of Seaforth, Gladstone's estate. Gladstone was surprised to see so small a lad in charge of the chainmen and began to talk with him. He must have been impressed by the lad's conversation, for he patted his head and told him he would be a fine man yet. Mr. Gladstone has never forgotten this incident. Some years later, John Murray having failed in the meanwhile, an offer was made to Hall Caine from the Gladstones of the stewardship of the Seaforth estate at a salary of £120 a year. "Although the thought of so much wealth," he relates, "overwhelmed me, I did not see in this offer the prospect of any career—indeed this had been pointed out to me—and I determined to continue in the architect's office." He accordingly attached himself as pupil or apprentice to Richard Owens, the architect.—McClure's Magazine.

Solving a Problem.

The covering of a sofa cushion had been embroidered and the ruffle sewed on, and the young wife, proud of her needlework, showed it to her husband.

"I'm bothered about the size," she remarked. "The cushions are 22 — 22 inches square. This is just 24 inches square, and I don't see how I can spare enough to turn in for a 24 inch cushion."

"Cut it down to 23 inches and get a 22 inch cushion. You can't get 24 inches inside of 23, you know," the husband explained, his superior knowledge coming to the rescue.

The next day the wife brought home the cushion.

"What size did you get?" the husband asked.

"Twenty-six inches."

"Twenty-six! You can't get 26 inside of 23."

"Of course I can. It's so flat and fluffy, you see, that I can stuff it in. The saleswoman said everybody does that."—New York Times.

Pasteur's Record.

The scientific record of Pasteur is thus summarized on a marble tablet, set up by order of the Paris municipal council in the old laboratory of the Ecole Normale:

ICI FUT LE LABORATOIRE DE PASTEUR.
1857—Fermentations.
1860—Generations spontanees.
1865—Maladies des vins et des vers a soie.
1881—Virus et vaccins.
1885—Prophylaxie de la rage.

Meant No Harm.

Butcher—Come, John, be lively now; break the bones in Mr. Williamson's chops and put Mr. Pawson's ribs in the basket for him.

John (briskly)—All right, sir, just as soon as I've sawed off Mrs. Murphy's leg.—London Fun.

Could, but Didn't.

"Browne is a most considerate fellow."
"Why do you think so?"
"He can play the fiddle."
"Can he? I never heard him."
"That's just it—nobody else ever did!"—Chicago Record.

A great man may be the personification and type of the epoch for which God destines him, but he is never its creator.—D'Aubigne.

Languor.

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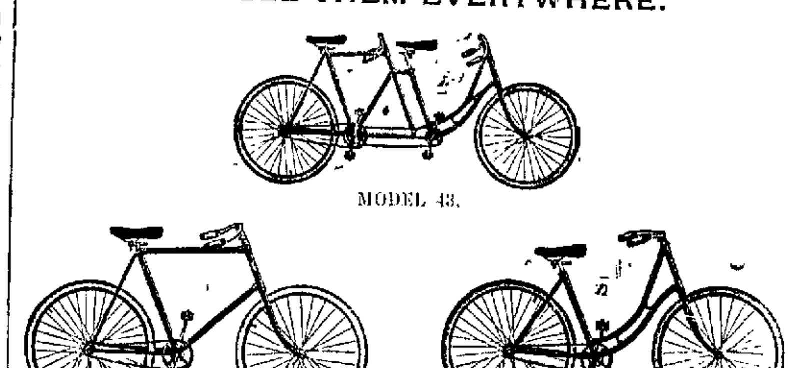
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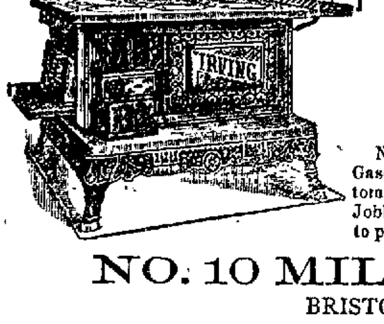
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NIGHT AND MORNING.

The shadows lay in purple folds;
The dusk hung heavy on the trees;
The birds were sleeping in their nests,
Rocked by the early morning breeze.
All nature wrapped in silent sleep,
The world lay peacefully at rest,
No sound to break the holy calm,
An hour of peace, supremely blest.

Then through the dreamy stillness came
The twitter of some tiny bird,
And in a moment sounds of life
From a thousand throats were heard.
There came a chime of distant bells,
The shadows rolled like mists away,
A soft gray light stole o'er the sky,
And night lay at the feet of day.
—American Woman's Journal.

A PARSON'S STORY.

It was while I was vicar of St. Chad's, Manchester, that the most trying and painful episode of my life occurred, and there are times even now when I shudder to think of the anguish my dear dead wife and myself were called upon to undergo.

One morning a shabby young fellow, who looked a typical no'er do well, called on me to beg. I had great difficulty in recognizing him as Ronald Emmerton, the only son of a wealthy corn factor who had been one of my churchwardens at Weymouth. On questioning him I found that he had squandered his wealth by the most riotous living and for the last two years had been earning a precarious living as hanger on at race courses and professional tipster, and, I fear, at other employments more shady still. I did all I could for him, for his father's sake—found him respectable lodgings and got a business friend of mine to take him into his office. But, as I feared, [illegible] than a month, and I lost sight of him. What his gratitude was like I was to know a few weeks later.

I was sitting in my study one Tuesday morning, the first week in December, preparing a lecture I was to deliver to our literary society, when I was handed the card of a visitor who wished to see me. The name was "Mr. L. Pridson," and for the moment I could not recall any such person to my mind. But when he was shown in I instantly recognized him as the cashier of the Manchester City bank. He was a portly and rather pompous man, but now he looked decidedly nervous.

"Good morning, Mr. Pridson," I said. "A wretched morning, is it not? Take a seat, please."

He sat down, but made no response to my greeting, and I waited for him to speak.

"Mr. Adamson," he said, "I have called upon very unpleasant business. It will be a great relief to us all if you can clear yourself sir."

"Clear myself! Why, Mr. Pridson, what do you mean?"

"On the afternoon of the 8d of November, Mr Adamson, you came to the bank and requested us to cash a check for £750, drawn in your favor and signed by Sir [illegible] returned by Sir James with the intimation that it was a forgery. On minutely examining the signature this morning we found that, though a clever imitation, Sir James was right. You will admit this is a serious business, sir."

"Very serious," I said, "but it does not concern me. I simply know nothing about the check."

"Mr. Adamson!" he exclaimed, with severity

"Mr. Pridson!" I said, a little heated.

He shook his head impatiently. "Mr. Adamson, about 3:45 on the afternoon of Nov. 3 you came to the bank muffled up, on account of the fog, you said, and young Siddell attended to you. You produced this check, which you had indorsed, and asked him to cash it. Siddell brought the check to me, and I came and spoke to you. 'A large amount, Mr. Adamson,' I said. 'Yes,' you replied; 'it represents Sir James' princely generosity to our restoration and poor funds. I will take the £750 in £50 or £100 notes and the odd £50 in gold.' Of course, under the circumstances, I never questioned the genuineness of the check nor your representations. In the before Sir James yesterday, and this morning it was returned to us, as I have said. There is no doubt it is a forgery."

I saw that there had been roguery somewhere, and that I was in an unpleasant position, but my conscience was quite clear. "Mr. Pridson," I said, "you are under a delusion. I never had a check of Sir James Garel's, and I never brought it to the bank to cash it. I have never seen such a check from first to last."

He took the document from his pocket-book and held it between his fingers. It pained me to see that he would not trust it into my hands. "Here is the check, and," turning it over, "is not that your signature?"

I scrutinized it closely. "It certainly looks like it, but it is a forgery. I know nothing about that check, I tell you once again."

"Mr. Adamson," he said solemnly, "I make one last appeal to you. With my own hands I handed the money over to you. For your own sake confess that you were tempted and fell. Sir James will be merciful, and I can answer for our directors. In fact, I am empowered to say so."

"Mr. Pridson, you mean to be kind, I am sure," I said, speaking steadily, though my limbs trembled, "but your appeal is an insult."

"You know what it will mean—prosecution. Think again of your position, your wife."

"I have told you the truth," I replied, and he left, truly sorry for me, I believe.

I called my wife in and as gently as I could told her the whole business. I knew what a terrible thing it was for her, but, thank God, she has ever shown the noblest courage and sublimest faith in the worst extremities.

"What shall you do, my dear?" she asked.

"In all probability I shall be arrested shortly. I am going to see Fells at once."

"God help you, my dear," she said simply as I kissed her.

Mr. Fells was one of the best known solicitors in Manchester, and a man I was proud to call a personal friend. I found him in his office and told him the whole story.

He looked at me keenly when I had done, then said, "It may be an insult, Adamson, but I ask you as a legal adviser, Do you know anything about this check?"

"Nothing," I said.

"I make you, then, of course, a double forgery—your name and Sir James'."

"But Pridson persists it was I he saw."

"Or a counterfeit of you. Depend upon it, it was not the work of a fool. We must find him, and you must prove where you were at that hour. Come, I'll walk home with you."

We were a few yards from my own door when a cab drove up and two plain clothes constables got out and arrested me. Fells accompanied me to the police station and then left me to see my wife. And thus, for the first time in my life, I was a prisoner.

Fells came to see me early the next morning. "It's known all over the place, Adamson, and your parishioners are mightily indignant. I have set Lester, the private detective, to work, and he's a good man, I well know. Now, where were you that afternoon?"

"I haven't the least idea. I have been racking my brains the best part of the night, but all to no purpose."

Fells was greatly disappointed. "You must find out," he said; "much depends on it. Mrs. Adamson and myself have searched your diary and engagement book, but there are only two entries that week. However, it will come to you later, I hope."

It was a trying ordeal to stand in the dock and see in the crowded court many that I knew. Some of them nodded kindly to me as I entered, but when they had heard the evidence I saw trouble and perplexity on their faces. I did not wonder at or resent their changed expression—the evidence was certainly strong. "Poor, dear gentleman," said most of them, "trouble must have unhinged his brain, or he couldn't have done it." There were a few, however, who passionately declared their complete belief in my innocence.

"Have any of the notes been traced?" asked the stipendiary.

"No, sir," said the prosecuting solicitor, "though we hope to do so. I am instructed to ask for a remand, when further evidence will be forthcoming."

"I do not oppose that," said Fells, "but of course you will grant bail, your worship? My client is innocent and himself a victim of the fraud."

"I cannot at present, Mr. Fells," said the magistrate curtly. "I remand the accused until next Tuesday."

When I was again before the magistrate, the first witness was a hotel clerk from Liverpool. He recollected a clergyman staying at the hotel on Nov. 4, and the manager cashed him a £100 note, which Mr. Pridson swore was one of those he had paid me. The clerk professed to identify me and said I told him I was going to Ireland. The police, through the prosecuting solicitor, were again applying for a remand to trace my alleged movements in Liverpool when a woman caused a disturbance by trying to push into the court. "Let me go, yo' fool!" she said to the policeman at the door. "I'm a witness, I tell yo'. I know a lot."

She got in at last, a stout, dirty, panting woman, with a shawl round her head, followed by a stunted old woman who looked rather scared.

"Yo' wasshup!" she began.

"What do you want, woman?" asked the magistrate severely.

"I'm a witness, yo' wasshup. Let me git in the witness box there, and I'll tell yo'. It's none him," pointing to me. "It couldna be him. But I'll tell yo'."

After a little demur the woman was sworn. Who she was I could not at that moment conceive.

"My name s Sarah Edmunds, and I'm a widder. No. 23 Little Emily street," she began. "That day, Nov. 3, my man [illegible] and the doctor said he'd due before the day were out. He wanted badly to see a passon, and I humored him and went to fetch Mr. Adamson theer, and he come at once. It were about 2 o'clock, a nasty, misty day, too, I remember. Well, he went with me, and rare and nice he were to Jacob. He sat by him and read the Bible and prayed for him very nicely. Jacob towd him what a bad lot he'd been, but it didna make any difference. Passon theer prayed for him same as if he'd been gentry. And he stopped with him till he died at ten minutes past 6, and he gave me 5 shillin's toward the burying. Betsy, here, who lives next door, bought a newspaper and lent it to me, and last night I read about this business, and I says, 'Law, Betsy, it's the passon as coom to Jacob!' And I read a bit farther, and seed the robbery was done on the very same day he were with Jacob. So I knowed it couldna be him, and I thowt what a fool he were not to tell yo' where he were, and so I come to tell yo' myself. Yo' can let him go, yo' wasshup. Yo've got the wrong horse this time."

No sooner had the woman begun speaking than the whole incident came back to me. If I had only remembered it at first, what trouble I might have been spared.

The opposing solicitor [illegible]

"How do you remember it was the same day, Mrs. Edmunds?" he asked.

"Why," she said, "don't yo' think I know the day when my Jacob died? It was the 8d of November, at ten minutes past 6. And here's Betsy Snill, who seed passon theer, to speak, and I could bring two or three more."

There was a good deal of muttered conversation between the magistrate, Fells and his opponent, and at last I was remanded again on nominal bail. "Considering all the extraordinary features of the case, the woman's story ought to be strictly investigated," the stipendiary said.

But three days later all doubts were set at rest by a letter received by the chief constable from Philadelphia. The writer confessed to having, with the aid of an accomplice, forged the check, which the accomplice, disguised as myself, had cashed. "It was a very simple and easy job," the scoundrel airily remarked. "No doubt you can clear yourself," he went on, "but I thought it just as well to write, as perhaps I might get into trouble." The letter was signed "Ronald Emmerton."—London Tit-Bits.

Where the Pins Go.

An old gentleman in the north of London has recently been making a series of interesting experiments with a view to finding a solution to the question often asked, "What becomes of the countless myriads of pins, etc., that are annually lost?" As he expected, he finds that it is the disintegrating effect of the air which resolves even these intractable little instruments into their elements.

He put some hundreds of brass and steel pins, needles, hairpins, etc., in a quiet corner of his garden, where they would be subject to all the destructive agencies of dampness, earth, wind, etc., although secure from the predatory hands and disturbing feet of inquisitive intruders. The results are curious.

Ordinary hairpins were the first—taking 154 days on an average—to oxidize into a brownish rust (ferrus oxide), which was scattered by the wind as it was formed, and not a trace of a single one could be detected at the end of seven months. Common bright pins took as long as 18 months before their combustion was complete, but brass ones had been entirely turned into green verdigris long before that.—Chicago Globe.

Mixed.

Buzby—Didn't Wiggins forget his lines at the amateur theatricals last evening?

Baxter—No; he only got them mixed up a little. Instead of saying, "I hear the tramp of approaching footsteps," he said, "I hear the footsteps of approaching tramps."—Pick Me Up.

It is a singular fact that the quills of geese raised on the continent of Europe are more serviceable as pens than those grown on English soil.

Extreme views are never just; something always turns up which disturbs the calculations founded on their data.—Tancred.



Tam O'Shanter's ride through the midnight wind with the horrible hobgoblins pursuing him was only a bad dream, or nightmare, which anybody is liable to experience as the result of overeating or an attack of biliousness or indigestion. To avoid such disagreeable experiences one or two of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets should be taken after a too hearty meal and the action of the stomach will thereby be quickened and the meal promptly digested.

Then too if Nature be assisted a little now and then in removing offending matter from the stomach and bowels you will thereby avoid a multitude of distressing derangements and diseases, and will have less frequent need for your doctors' services.

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Other Christmas stories are "A White Blot," by Henry Van Dyke, a [illegible] by A. S. Pier [illegible] and "Hoppers on Man," by R. C. V. Meyers.

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By J. M. Barrie.

Those who have read (and who has not?) "The Little Minister" and "A Window in Thrums" can anticipate what Mr. Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy" will be.

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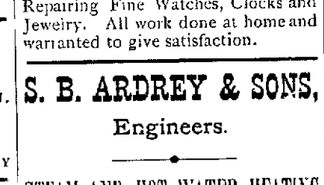
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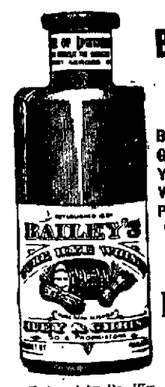
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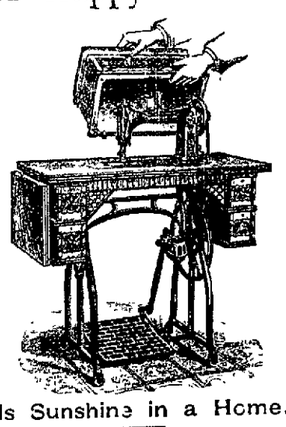
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